

Boanerges and Barnabas:

JUDGMENT }
and } Or, }
MERCY. } WINE
and }
OIL

G. I. FOR *Baker*

Wounded and Afflicted
S O U L S.

In Two Parts.

BY
FRA. QUARLES.

The Tenth Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. L. for L. Meredith, at the
Angel in Amen-Corner, 1690.

W. J.



What heere wee see is but a Graven face
Onely the shadow of that brittle case
Wherein were treasur'd up those Gems which
Hath left behind him to Posterity

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1690

The Preface to the Reader.

THE great and general decay of Religion in this Nation, as it justly gives occasion of wonder, so it is of concernment great enough to excuse the trouble of enquiring into the true causes of so great a declension of Piety. And besides our own experience it is easily observed out of all the History of the *Church*, that a long peace and a continual succession of prosperous times leads on to the corruption of the Faith, the decay of Holiness and Charity. The Church of Christ hath seldom been a gainer by a temporal peace ; as she grew in Riches and Power, she still went less in Piety and Holiness. Religion as it puts not on such beauties as allure the eye of the world, so it needs not the warmth of Halcyon days to breed

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The Preface.

in: like some precious gums, it
destills in greatest plenty after
storms and violent thunders. And
Faith and Holiness have never more
flourished, than when the Profes-
sors of it have been well exercised
by the Persecutions of the Adversa-
ries. And however the common ene-
my of our Salvation doth then act
the Lion, worrying the little flock
of Christ, *devouring and breaking in*
pieces and stamping the re-
Dan. 7. 7. *sidue with his feet*; yet all
this mischief is more than abun-
dantly recompensed by those great
advantages the Church of God re-
ceives by the triumphant sufferings
and exemplary patience of the
Saints. Insomuch that the mischief
he doth in calm and prosperous
times is more to be feared, because
not so easily discerned and preven-
ted, when by his serpentine subtil-
ty he insinuates into the people of
God the leaven of spiritual pride,
schism

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schism, contempt or neglect of his Word, with all the evils that wantonness or security bring in their train: so that as the blessings of Peace use to make up our thanksgivings, we have now reason to mention them in our penitential threnes and the songs of our sorrow. This cause hath had an universal influence, and corrupted even some of those whose Sacred Office obliged them to maintain the purity and sincerity of Religion either with their doctrine or their blood.

Whence the second cause has its rise; the great remissness both of civil and of sacred Discipline. This made men either transgress the Laws with impunity, or be censured with partiality. For the Ecclesiastick power (with grief I mention it, not as an argument of reproach) was not so strongly bent against prophaneness as duty and necessity did require. To which I may add that

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whose parentage is of the same cause, the lives of many Churchmen bore a greater conformity to the sins they were to reprove, than the virtues and precepts they taught. The world had so high a place in some of their hearts that themselves soon found little interest in the hearts of the world. And when the Dispensers of Religion fall into contempt, it must be a strong arm, and more than that of flesh, that can bear up Religion it self, and keep that from falling too. As Government in the Church was intended a remedy against Schism, so the corruption of Government lets in Schisms and Factions in a full channel.

And that is a third cause of the decay of Piety; *viz.* The Schisms, which have so shaken the fabrick of this Church, that nothing but a hand revealed from Heaven can restore it again to its former strength and soundness. An abused zeal hath
had

The Preface.

had his evil influence upon the doctrines of almost all parties ; that they have respectively thought the best way to find a truth, was to stand themselves at the greatest distance they could from their opponents. There were few parts either of *Faith* or *Obedience* which were not by some dissenting parties reported as needless superstition or sinful, on no better ground than this, that the thing could not be good in it self, because it came from an adversary : a ground as vain, as if the *Spaniard* should refuse the Gold with which his *Indian* fleet comes home laden, because it comes from the *Antipodes* of his Imperial City. By this means *Faith* and good Works, Prayer and Preaching, Repentance and Evangelical Holiness, Prayer in Forms and *Extempore* have been alternately cried up to, one anothers prejudice or loss. And the effect hath been as ill as the principle was full

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of error and mistake. And from these disputes, the conclusion hath been made by many, that Religion might be well enough preserved and God sufficiently served without any of these; that what any Faction disputed against was not at all necessary; that the instances of all duty were so clearly in Scripture determined, that no argument could be strong enough to make a tender conscience doubt of the necessity. If these speculations had been confined to the Schools, the mischief had spread no further than the noise of their wranglings: but since they have been the exercise and trouble of the weakest understandings and the most illiterate men, they that held their Religion by the weakest tenure have first quitted the possession. So the publick assemblies have been made to serve the ends of faction, or wholly forsaken, and the hours of prayer have called them

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too seldom into their Closets; and the Church hath been abandoned by many, because they could not there hear the sweet whispers of Peace and Comfort for the rude noises of strife and debate.

For the fourth cause; mistaken zeal hath caused many Preachers to intermeddle too busily in their solemn discourses to the people with controversies not only Theological but Political too, with more respect to the interest of their party than that of Religion and the Kingdom of *Jesus*. This contention grew, and faction thrived, and charity first left our Pulpits and then our hearts: and while men were taken up with the consideration of mysteries, they neglected plain necessary duties, and fell into the sink of all sin and impiety; like the *Milesian* Philosopher, that with so much intention lift up his eyes to behold the stars, and consider their aspects, that neglecting

The Preface.

lecting the care of the way he walked in, he fell into a lake, where he ended his life and speculation too. And this evil prevailed the more; because,

In the fifth place, there hath been a want of sufficient maintenance in many places of the Land for the support of faithful and able Ministers. Such from their Pulpits might have rebuked this foolish spirit that was gone forth, and knew how by their doctrine and more edifying example to preach Obedience and practical Religion, instead of sublime notions and useless mysteries and empty controversies; and would esteem it more honour, and find more comfort in subduing one lust, than to have fathom'd all the depths of such knowledge.

By all which it appears, that the disease is dangerous enough to need a remedy; and that the Reader hath many things beside his private concern-

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cernments to make the matter of his prayers. The way to exempt himself from the epidemical guilt of these evils is, to contend against them by prayer and practice: & that the right use of this Book may be of some efficacy to resist the growth of the evil, I have thus much reason to warrant my belief, because it hath already been more than once so well entertain'd abroad. Concerning which I will not weary the Reader, (who hath already, I suspect, too often looked forward to see how far it is to the end of this Address) to discourse to him of the Author, or this work. His own pen has set him forth more than now to need either Panegyrick or testimonials: And the usefulness of the work I had rather the Reader should understand by his own experience than mine. If he be devout, the title and design will invite his eye and please it too: if not, I have no temptation to add
any

The Preface.

any more evidences and aggravation to his crime of scoffing Religion and Religious Books.

If it be thought necessary that something may be said to compose the Reader's mind concerning Forms of Prayer, because *Extemporary* effusions are the only acceptable sacrifice, what use can there be of this Essay? I shall only say this, That the truly pious Reader may make use of this in his meditation, or other devotion, or as a pattern or *Directory* to both. This moreover is manifest, The Word of God is wholly silent in determining whether we should use Forms of Prayer or *Extempore*; and in other instances such silence is taken for an argument of indifferency. But however the gift of Prayer consists not in a volubility of tongue, and ready command of words, (that hath supernatural, and this only natural causes) but in the true affection and sincerity
of

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of the heart: For many graceless persons and mere hypocrites have been observed to excel in readiness of affectionate expression, and a great command of Scripture-phrases. But let the pious Christian seriously reflect upon his sins with a true and a growing sorrow, and work his heart into a deep affection of his wants, and a due apprehension of that Majesty to whom he makes his address, (to which end he may receive great assistance from this book;) and he who makes such preparation will want neither the gift nor reward of Prayer, whether his prayer be set and composed, or *extempore*. And if I may but feel the best effects of the Prayers of this Book offered up to Heaven with a spirit truly broken and humbled, (if the Christian Reader please to believe I deserve so much Charity from him) I shall not be without reward, nor he use this Book without benefit. A

*A Short Narrative of the Author's
Life.*



Concerning those we love, we are curious to know all we can. And if the stone be of price, we are not contented the least fragment should perish. Know then that the Author of this Book was a Gentleman of an ancient Family. His Father was *James Quarles* of *Rumford*, Esquire, Clerk of the Green-cloth, and Purveyor of the Navy to *Q. Elizabeth*, younger Brother to *Sir Robert Quarles*. After his Education at School in the Country and at *Christ's Colledge* in *Cambridge*, and last at *Lincoln's Inn*, he was for some time Cup-bearer to the Queen of *Bohemia*, and then Secretary to the Reverend and Learned the late Lord Primate of *Ireland*; last of all Chronologer to the City of *London*, in which Office he died. And the world had known that by a more eminent testimony, if Death had not kept him from finishing what he had designed and begun. He was the Husband of one Wife, and by her the Father of eighteen Children. As in his Life he had been most religious, so was he in his Death; in both a great Example of Devotion. He died *September 8. 1644.* being two and fifty years old, and lieth buried in the Parish-Church of *S. Foster London*.

The



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Judgment

Judgment and Mercy for Afflicted Souls.

Part I.

The Sensual mans Solace.



Come, let's be *merry* and rejoice
our souls in *frolick* and in *fresh*
delights: Let's scrue our pam-
per'd hearts a pitch beyond the
reach of dull-brow'd sorrow:
Let's pass the slow pac'd time in melancholy-
charming *mirth*, and take the advantage of our
youthful days: Let's banish *care* to the dead
Sea of Phlegmatick *old age*: Let a *deap* sigh
be *high Treason*, and let a *solemn* look be ad-
judged a *Crime* too great for *Pardon*. My se-
rious *studies* shall be to draw *mirth* into a body,
to analyse *laughter*, and to paraphrase upon
the various Texts of all *delight*. My *recreations*
shall be to still *Pleasure* into a quintessence,
to reduce *Beauty* to her first principles, and to
extract a perfect *Innocence* from the milk-
white Doves of *Venus*. Why should I spend
my precious minutes in the sullen and dejected
shades of *sadness*? or ravel out my short-liv'd
days in solemn and heart-breaking *Care*? hours
have Eagles wings, and when their hasty flight
shall put a period to our numbred days, the
world is gone with us, and all our forgotten
joys are left to be enjoyed by the succeeding
Generations, and we are snatch'd we know not
how,

2 Judgment and Mercy Part I.

now, we know not whither, and' wrapt in the dark bosom of eternal night. Come then, my soul, be wise, make use of the *time present*: that which is gone is past recalling, lost, and not to be redeemed. Eat thy Bread with a *merry* heart, and gulp down *care* in *frolick* cups of liberal Wine. Beguile the tedious nights with *dalliance*, and steep thy stupid senses in unctions and delightful *sports*: 'Tis all the portion that this transitory world can give thee. Let Musick, Voices, Masques, midnight-Revels, and all that melancholick wisdom censures *vain* be thy *delights*: and let thy care-abjuring soul *cheer up* and *sweeten* the short days of thy consuming *youth*. Follow the ways of thy own heart, and take the freedom of thy sweet *desires*. Leave no *delight* untried, and spare no cost to heighten up thy *Lusts*. Take *pleasure* in the *choice* of *pleasures*, and please thy curious eyes with all *varieties*, to fatisfie thy soul in all things which thy heart *desires*. I, but, my soul, when those *evil days* shall come wherein thy *wasting pleasures* shall present their *Items* to thy *bed-rid view*, when all *diseases* and the *evils of age* shall muster up their Forces in thy crazy bones, where be thy *comforts* then?

His Sentence.

Consider, O my soul, and know that the day will come, and after that another, wherein for all these things

Eccles. 11. 9.

God will bring thee to judgment.

Part I. *for afflicted Souls.*

3

His Proofs.

Prov. 14. 13.

E*ven in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness.*

Eccles. 2. 1, 2.

I said in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, and therefore enjoy pleasure: and behold this also is vanity. I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doth it?

Jam. 5. 5.

Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in the day of slaughter.

Eccles. 7. 4.

The heart of the wise man is in the house of mourning: but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.

Ifid. in Synonymis.

Pleasure is an inclination to the unlawful objects of a corrupted mind, allured with a momentary sweetness.

Hugo.

Sensuality is an immoderate indulgence of the flesh, a sweet prison, a strong plague, a dangerous potion, which effeminates the body, and enervates the soul.

Cast. lib. 4. Ep.

They are most sensible of the burthen of affliction that are most taken with the pleasure of the flesh. The

The Soliloquy.

WHAT hast thou now to say, O my Soul, why this *judgment*, seconded with divine *proofs*, back'd with the *harmony* of holy Men, should not proceed against thee? Dally no longer with thy own *Salvation*, nor flatter thy own *Corruption*. Remember, the wages of flesh are *sin*, and the wages of sin *death*. God hath threatned it, whose *judgments* are *terrible*; God hath witnessed it, whose *words* are *truth*. Consider then, my Soul, and let not *momentary pleasures* flatter thee into *eternity of torments*. How many that have *trod thy steps* are now roaring in the *flames of Hell*? and yet thou triflest away the time of thy *Repentance*. O my poor deluded Soul, *presume* no longer! Repent *to day*, lest *to morrow* come too late. Or couldst thou travel out thy days beyond *Methusalem*, tell me, alas! what will *Eternity* be the shorter for the deduction of a thousand Years? Be wisely provident therefore, O my Soul, and bid *Vanity*, the common Sorceress of the World, farewell. Life and Death are yet before thee; *chuse Life*, and the God of Life will seal thy *choise*. *Prostrate* thy self before him who delights not in the *death of a sinner*, and present thy *Piti-tions* to him who can deny thee nothing in the name of a *Saviour*.

His Prayer.

O God, in the beauty of whose holiness is the true joy of those that love thee, the full happiness of those that fear thee, and the only rest of those that prize thee, in respect of which the transitory pleasures of the world are less than nothing, in comparison of which the greatest wisdom of the world is folly, and the glory of the earth but dross and dung; how dares my boldness thus presume to press into thy glorious presence? What can my prayers expect but thy just wrath and heavy indignation? O what return can the tainted breath of my polluted lips deserve, but to be bound hand and foot, and cast into the flames of Hell? But, Lord, the merits of my Saviour are greater than the offences of a sinner, and the sweetness of thy mercy exceeds the sharpness of my misery. The horror of thy judgments hath seized upon me, and I languish through the sense of thy displeasure. I have forsaken thee the rest of my distressed Soul, and set my affections upon the vanity of the deceitful world; I have taken pleasure in my foolishness, and have vaunted my self in mine iniquity; I have flattered my Soul with the honey of delights, whereby I am made sensible of the sting of my affliction: wherefore I loath and utterly abhor my self, and from the bottom of my heart repent in dust and ashes. Behold, O Lord, I am impure and vile, and have wallowed in the

6 Judgment and Mercy Part I.

the puddle of mine own Corruptions. The Sword of thy displeasure is drawn out against me, and what shall I plead, O thou preserver of Mankind? Make me a *new Creature*, O my God, and destroy the *old Man* within me. Remove my affections from the love of *transitory things*, that I may run the way of thy *Commandments*. Turn away mine eyes from beholding *vanity*, and make thy *Testimonies* my whole *delight*. Give me strength to discern the *emptiness* of the *Creature*, and inebriate my heart with the *fulness* of thy *Joy*. Be thou my portion, O God, at whose right hand stand pleasures for evermore. Be thou my refuge and my shield, and suffer me not to sink under the *corruptions* of my heart. Let not the house of *mirth* beguile me, but give me a sense of the *evil* to come. Accept the free-will-offerings of my mouth, and grant my petitions for the honour of thy Name. Then will I magnifie thy mercies, O God, and praise thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Bernard.

*Delicate and tender members become not
head stuck with thorns.*

Anonym.

*The pleasure of sin vanishes, the guilt remains
and the punishment is eternal.*

The Vain-glorious Man's Vaunt.

What tellest thou me of *Conscience* or a *pious* Life? They are good *trades* for a *leaden* spirit, that can stand bent to every *frown*, and wants the brains to make a *higher* Fortune, or courage to atchieve that *honour* which might glorifie their names, and write their *memories* in the *Chronicles* of Fame. 'Tis true, *Humility* is a *needful* gift in those that have no *Quality* to exercise their *Pride*; and *Patience* is a *necessary* Grace to keep the World in *Peace*, and him that hath it in a *whole* skin, and often proves a *vertue* born of a *meer* necessity. And civil *Honesty* is a *fair* pretence for him that hath no wit to act the *Knave*, and makes a Man capable of a little higher stile than *Fool*. And blushing *Modesty* is a pretty *innocent* quality, and serves to vindicate an easie nature from the imputation of all *ill* breeding. These are *inferior* Graces, that have not got a good opinion in the *dull* wisdom of the world, and appear like water among the *Elements*, to moderate the *body Politick*, and keep it from *combustion*; nor do they come into the work of *honour*. *Vertue* consists in *Action*, and the reward of *Action* is *Glory*. *Glory* is the great soul of the little world, and is the *Crown* of all *sublime* attempts, and the point whereto the crooked ways of policy are all *concentrick*. Ho-

8 Judgment and Mercy Part I.

nour consists not with a pious life. Let those that are ambitious of a religious Reputation abjure all honourable Titles, and let their dough-bak'd spirits take a pride in sufferance (the Anvil of all injuries) and be thankfully bask'd into a quiet pilgrimage. Rapes, Murthers, Treasons, Dispossessions, Riots are venial things to Men of Honour, and oft co-incident in high pursuits. Had my dull Conscience stood upon such nice points, that little honour I have won had glorified some other arm, and left me begging Morsels at his Princely gates. Come, come, my soul, *Id factum juvat, quod fieri non licet.* Fear not to do, what crowns thee being done. Ride on with thy honour, and create a name to live with fair Eternity. Enjoy thy purchas'd Glory as the merit of thy renown'd Actions, and let thy memory entail it to succeeding generations. Make thy own game; and if thy Conscience check thee, correct thy sawcy Conscience, till she stand as mute as metamorphos'd Niobe. Fear not the frowns of Princes, or the imperious hand of various Fortune: Thou art too bright for the one to obscure, and too great for the other to cry down.

His Verdict.

But hark, my soul, I hear a voice that thunders in mine ear,

Hos. 4. 7.

I will change their glory into shame.

His Proofs.

Psal. 49. 20.

MAN that is born in honour and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

Prov. 25. 27.

It is not good to eat too much honey: so for men to search their own glory is not glory.

Jer. 9. 23.

Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord.

Gal. 5. 26.

Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, &c.

S. August.

The vain-glory of the world is a deceitful sweetness, an unfruitful labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous bravery, begun without providence, and finished not without repentance.

Chrysost.

If thou desirest to be magnified and accounted honourable, despise honour, so shalt thou be honoured even of all.

S. Greg.

He that makes transitory honour the reward of a good work, sets eternal glory at a low rate.

His Soliloquy.

Vain-glory is a *Froth*, which blown off, discovers a great *want of measure*. Canst thou, O my Soul, be guilty of such an *emptiness*, and not be challeng'd? Canst thou appear in the searching eye of Heaven, and not expect to be cast away? Deceive not thy self, O my Soul, nor flatter thy self with thine own *greatness*. Search thy self to the bottom, and thou shalt find enough to *humble* thee. Dost thou glory in the favour of a Prince? The *frowns* of a Prince determine it. Dost thou glory in thy *strength*? A poor *Ague* betrays it. Dost thou glory in thy *wealth*? The hand of a *thief* extinguishes it. Behold, my soul, how like a *Bubble* thou appearest, and with a *Sigh* break into sorrow. The gate of Heaven is *strait*; Canst thou hope to enter without *breaking*? The *Bubble* that would pass the Floudgates must first *dissolve*. My soul, melt then in *tears*, and empty thy self of all thy *vanity*, and thou shalt find divine *Repletion*; evaporate in thy *Devotion*, and thou shalt recruit thy greatness to eternal *Glory*.

Anonym.

Remember, O man, from whence thou wert taken, and that thou art brother to the dunghil.

His

His Prayer.

AND can I chuse, O God, but tremble at thy *Judgments*? Or can my stony heart not stand amazed at thy *Threatnings*? It is thy voice, O God, and thou hast spoken it: It is thy voice, O God, and I have heard it. Hadst thou so dealt by me as thou didst by *Babel's* proud King, and driven me from the Sons of Men, thou hadst but done according to thy righteousness, and rewarded me according to my deservings. What couldst thou see in me less worthy of thy Vengeance, than in him the example of thy justice? or, Lord, wherein am I more uncapable of thy indignation? There is nothing in me to move thy *mercy* but my *misery*. Thy *goodness* is thy self, and hath no ground but what proceedeth from it self: yet have I sinned against that *goodness*, and have thereby heaped up wrath against the day of wrath; insomuch that, had not thy Grace abounded with my sin, I had long since been confounded in my sin, and swallowed up in the Gulf of thy displeasure. But, Lord, thou takest no delight to punish, and with thee is no respect of Person: Thou takest no pleasure in the *confusion* of thy Creature, but rejoycest rather in the *conversion* of a sinner. Convert me therefore, O God, I shall be then converted: Make me sensible of my own corruptions, that I may see the vileness of my own condition. Pull down the *pride* of my

ambitious heart ; *humble* me, thou O God, and I shall be humbled ; wean me from the thirst of *transitory honour*, and let my whole delight be to *glory* in thee. Touch thou my *Conscience* with the fear of thy name, that in all my actions I may fear to offend thee. Endue me, O Lord, with the spirit of *meekness*, and teach me to overcome evil with a patient heart : *moderate* and curb the exorbitances of my passion, and give me a *temperate* use of all thy Creatures. Replenish my heart with the Graces of thy Spirit, that in all my ways I may be acceptable in thy sight. In all conditions give me a *contented* mind, and upon all occasions grant me a grateful heart ; that *honouring* thee here in the Church Militant before Men, I may be *glorified* hereafter in the Church Triumphant before thee and Angels ; where filled with *true glory* according to the measure of Grace thou shalt be pleased to give me here, I may with Angels and Arch-angels praise thy Name for ever and ever hereafter.

S. Chrysost.

They who have despised all the tentations of riches, and have defiled themselves with no worldly imagination, and have nobly resisted the strong impulses of concupiscence, oftentimes being overcome with vain-glory have lost all.

The

The Oppressors Plea.

Seek but what's my own by *Law*; It was his own free *Act* and *Deed*: The Execution lies for goods or *body*, and goods or *body* I will have, or else my *money*. What if his beggarly *Children* pine, or his proud *Wife* perish? They perish at their own charge, not *mine*; and what is that to me? I must be paid, or he lie by it until I have my *utmost farthing*, or his *bones*. The *Law* is just and good, and being ruled by that, how can my fair proceedings be *unjust*? What's *thirty in the hundred* to a Man of Trade? Are we born to thrum Caps or pick Straws, and sell our *livelihood* for a few *tears*, and a whining face? I thank God they move me not so much as a *howling dog* at midnight. I'll give no day if *Heaven* it self would be *security*; I must have *present money*, or his *bones*. The *Commodity* was good enough, as wares went then; and had he had but a thriving wit, with the necessary help of a good *merchandable Conscience*, he might have gained perchance as much as now he lost: but howsoever, gain or not gain, I must have my *money*. Two tedious *Terms* my dearest Gold hath lain in his unprofitable hands. The cost of *Suits* hath made me bleed above a score a *Royals*, besides my *Interest*, Travel, half-pints and bribes; all which does but in-

crease my beggerly defendants damages, and sets him deeper on my score: but right's right, and I will have my *money* or his *bones*. Fifteen shillings in the pound composition! Ill have first. Come, tell not me of a *good Conscience*: a good Conscience is no parcel of my *trade*: it hath made more *Bankrupts* than all the *loose Wives* in the universal City. My Conscience is no fool: It tells me that my own's my own, and that a well cramm'd *bag* is no deceitful friend, but will stick close to me when all my *friends* forsake me. If to gain a good *estate* out of nothing, and to regain a desperate debt which is as good as nothing, be the fruits and sign of a *bad Conscience*, God help the good. Come, tell not me of *gripping* and *Oppression*. The world is hard, and he that hopes to thrive must gripe as hard. What I give I give, and what I lend I lend. If the way to Heaven be to turn *begger* upon earth, let them take it that like it. I know not what you call *Oppression*; the *Law* is my direction, but of the two it is more profitable to oppress than to be oppress'd. If debtors would be honest and discharge, our hands were bound; but when their failing offends my *bags*, they touch the *Apple* of my Eye, and I must right them.

But ha! what voice is this that whispers in mine ear?

His Punishment.

The Lord will spoil the soul of the Oppressors, *Prov. 22. 23.*

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 22. 22, 23.

ROB not the poor because he is poor, neither oppress the afflicted in the gates: For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of them that have spoiled him.

Ezek. 22. 29, 31.

The people of the land have used oppression, and exercised Robbery, and have vexed the poor and needy; yea they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully: Therefore I have poured out my indignation upon them, I have consumed them with the fire of my wrath.

Zech. 7. 9, &c.

Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother, and oppress not the widow nor the fatherless, nor the stranger, nor the poor, and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his brother. But they refused to hearken; therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of Hosts.

Bern. p. 1691.

We ought so to care for our selves, as not to neglect the due regard of our neighbour.

Bern. ibid.

He that is not merciful to another shall not find mercy from God: but if thou wilt be merciful and compassionate, thou shalt be a benefactor to thy own soul.

His Soliloquy.

IS it wisdom in thee, O my Soul, to covet a *happiness*, or rather to account it so, that is sought for with a *judgment*, obtained with a *curse*, and punished with *damnation*; and to neglect that good which is assured with a *promise*, purchased with a *blessing*, and rewarded with a *Crown of Glory*? Canst thou hold it a *full estate*, a *good peniworth*, which is bought with the dear price of thy God's *displeasure*? Tell me, What continuance can that *Inheritance* promise, that is raised upon the *ruines* of thy Brother? Or what *mercy* canst thou expect from Heaven, that hast denied all *mercy* to thy *Neighbour*? O my hard-hearted soul, consider, and relent: Build not an house whose posts are subject to be rotted with a *curse*: Consider what the God of truth hath threatned against thy *cruelty*: Relent and turn *compassionate*, that thou maist be capable of his *compassion*. If the *desire of Gold* hath hardned thy heart, let the *tears* of true *Repentance* mollifie it: soften it with *Aaron's Ointment*, until it become Wax, to take the impression of that *Seal* which must confirm thy *Pardon*.

Prov. 5. 15.

Drink waters out of thine own Cistern.

His Prayer.

BUT will my God be now entreated? Is not my crying sin too loud for pardon? Am I not sunk too deep into the Jaws of Hell, for thy strong arm to rescue? Hath not the *hardness* of my *heart* made me incapable of thy compassion? O if my tears might wash away my sin, my Head should turn a living Spring. Lord, I have heard thee speak, and am afraid; the word is past, and thy judgments have found me out. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and the Jaws of Hell have overwhelmed me. I have *oppressed the poor*, and added *affliction* to the *afflicted*, and the voice of their misery is come before thee. They besought me with tears, and in the anguish of their Souls, but I have stopt mine ears against the cry of their complaint. But, Lord, thou walkest not the ways of man, and remembrest mercy in the midst of thy wrath; for thou art good and gracious, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in compassion, to all that shall call upon thee. Forgive me, O God, my sins that are past, and deliver me from the guilt of my *Oppression*. Take from me, O God, this heart of stone, and create in me a heart of flesh. Assuage the vehemency of my desires to the things below, and satisfy my soul with the sufficiency of thy Grace. Inflame my affections, that I may love thee with a filial love; and encline me to rely upon thy

thy fatherly providence. Let me account godliness my greatest gain, and subdue in me my lusts after filthy lucre. Preserve me, O Lord, from the vanity of self-love, and plant in my affections the true love of my Neighbours. Endue my heart with the bowels of compassion, and then reward me according to thy righteousness. Direct me, O God, in the ways of my life, and let a good Conscience be my continual comfort. Give me a willing heart to make restitution of what I have wrongfully gotten by Oppression. Grant me a lawful use of all thy Creatures, and a thankful heart for all thy benefits. Be merciful to all those that groan under the burthen of their own wants, and give them patience to expect thy deliverance. Give me a heart that may acknowledge thy favours, and fill my tongue with praise and thanksgiving; that living here a new life, I may become a new Creature; and being ingrafted in thee by the power of thy grace, I may bring forth fruit to thy honour and glory.

S. Chrysost.

God is not honoured in the expence of that money which is bedewed with the tears of the Oppressed.

Sol.

He that oppresseth the poor upbraiderh his Maker.

The

The Drunkards Jubilee.

WHat Complement will the severer world allow to the *vacant hours* of frolick-hearted youth? How shall their free, their *joyal spirits* entertain their time, their friends? What Oil shall be infused into the Lamp of dear *Society*, if they deny the privilege of a civil rejoicing *Cup*? It is the *life*, the *radical humour* of *united Souls*, whose love-digestive heat even ripens and ferments the green materials of a plighted Faith; without the help whereof *new married friendship* falls into *divorce*, and joined acquaintance soon resolves into the first Elements of *strangeness*. What mean these strict *Reformers* thus to spend their hour-glasses, and bawl against our harmless *cups*? to call our meetings *Riots*, and brand our civil mirth with stiles of loose *Intemperance*? when they can sit at a *Sisters Feast*, devour and gormondize beyond excess, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and cloath the surfeits in the long *fastian Robes* of a *tedious Grace*. Is it not much better in a fair friendly *Round* (since youth must have a swing), to steep our Soul-afflicting sorrows in a chipping *Cup*, than hazard our Estates upon the abuse of Providence in a foolish cast at *Dice*? or at a *Cock-pit* leave our doubtful

doubtful fortunes to the mercy of unmerciful contention? or spend our wanton days in sacrificing costly presents to a *fleshy Idol*? Was not *Wine* given to exhilarate the drooping hearts and raise the drowzy spirits of dejected Souls? Is not the liberal *Cup* of the *Sucking-bottle* of the Sons of *Phœbus*, to solace and refresh their palates in the nights of sad *Invention*? Let dry-brain'd *Zealots* spend their idle breaths; my cups shall be my cordials to restore my care-beseebled heart to the true Temper of a well-complexioned mirth. My solid Brains are potent, and can bear enough, without the least offence to my distempered Senses, or interruption of my boon companions. My tongue can in the very Zenith of my Cups deliver the expressions of my composed thoughts with better sense than these my grave Reformers can their best advised Prayers. My Constitution is pot-proof, and strong enough to make a fierce encounter with the most stupendious vessel that ever sailed upon the tides of *Bacchus*. My Reason shrinks not; my Passion burns not.

O but, my Soul, I hear a threatening voice that interrupts my language.

Isay 5. 22.

Who be tathem that are mighty to drink wine
His

His Proofs.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging : and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

Esay 5. 11.

Woe be to them that rise up early in the morning to follow strong drink, that continue till night, until wine inflame them.

Prov. 23. 20.

Be not amongst wine-bibbers.

1 Cor. 5. 11.

Now I have written unto you, not to keep company ; if any that is called a brother be a drunkard, with such a one no not to eat.

Aug. in lib. Poen.

Whilst the drunkard swallows wine, wine swallows him ; God disregards him, Angels despise him, Men deride him, Vertue declines him, the Devil destroys him.

Aug. ad sac. Virg.

Drunkennes is the mother of all evils, the master of all mischief, the well-spring of all sin, the trouble of the senses, the tempest of the tongue, the shipwrack of chastity, the consumption of time, a voluntary madness, the corruption of manners, the distemper of the body, and the destruction of the soul.

His Soliloquy.

MY soul, it is the voice of God, digested into a judgment. There is no kicking against *Pricks*, or arguing against a Divine Truth. Pleadest thou *Custom*? Custom in sin multiplies it. Pleadest thou *Society*? Society in the offence aggravates the punishment. Pleadest thou *help to Invention*? Wo be to that barrenness that wants such *showers*. Pleadest thou *strength* to bear much Wine? Wo to those that are mighty to drink strong drink. My Soul, thou hast sinned against thy Creator, in abusing that Creature he made to serve thee; Thou hast sinned against the Creature, in turning it to the Creator's dishonour; Thou hast sinned against thy self, in making thy comfort thy confusion. How many want that blessing thou hast turned into a curse? How many thirst whilst thou surfeitest? What satisfaction wilt thou give to the Creator, to the creature, to thy self, against all whom thou hast transgressed? To thy self, by a sober life; to the creature, by a right use; to thy Creator, by a true Repentance: the way to all which is Prayer and Thanksgiving.

His Prayer.

HOW truly then, O God, this heavy woe belongs to this my boasted sin? How many judgments are comprised and abstracted in this woe, and all for me, even me, O God, the miserable subject of thy eternal wrath; even me, O Lord, the mark whereat the shafts of thy displeasure level? Lord, I was a sinner in my first conception, and in sin hath my Mother brought me forth: I was no sooner, but I was a slave to sin; and all my life is nothing but the practice and trade of high Rebellion. I have turn'd thy blessings into thy dishonour, and all thy graces into wantonness. Yet hast thou been my God even from the very womb, and didst sustain me when I hung upon my Mothers breast. Thou hast washed me, O Lord, from my pollution; but like a Swine I have returned to my mire. Thou hast glanced into my breast the blessed motions of thy holy Spirit, but I have quenched them with the spring-tides of my in-born corruption. I have vomited up my filthiness before thee, and like a dog have I returned to my vomit. Be merciful, O God, unto me. Have mercy on me, O thou Son of *David*. I cannot, O Lord, expect the childrens bread; yet suffer me to lick the crumbs that fall beneath their table. I that have so oft abused the greatest of thy blessings, am not worthy of the meanest of thy favours. Look, look upon me according to the goodness of thy mercy,

mercy, and not according to the greatness of my offences. Give me, O God, a *sober* heart, and a lawful *moderation* in the enjoyment of thy Creatures. Reclaim my appetite from unseasonable delights, lest I turn thy blessings into a curse. In all my dejection be thou my comfort, and let my rejoicing be only in thee. Propose to mine eyes the evilness of my days, and make me careful to redeem my time. Wean me from the pleasure of vain society, and let my *Companions* be such as fear thee. Forgive all such as have been partners in my sin, and turn their hearts to the obedience of thy Laws. Open their ears to the reproofs of the wise, and make them powerful in reformation. Allay that lust which my *intemperance* hath inflam'd, and cleanse my affections with the grace of thy good spirit. Make me thankful for the strength of my body, that I may for the time to come return it to the advantage of thy glory.

S. August.

It is most shameful, that lust should subdue him whom the strength of man cannot: that he should be overcome with wine, that scorns to stoop to anothers sword.

Ecclus. 31. 25.

Shew not thy valiantness in wine, for wine hath destroyed many.

The

The Swearers Apology.

Will Boanerges never cease? And will these Plague-denouncers never leave to thunder judgments in my trembling ear? Nothing but plagues? nothing but judgments? nothing but damnation? What have I done to make my case desperate? And what have they not done to make my soul despair? Have I set up false Gods like the Egyptians? Or have I bowed before them like the Israelites? Have I violated the Sabbath like the Libertines? Or, like cursed Cham, have I discovered my Fathers nakedness? Have I embriued my hands in blood like Barabbas? Or like Absolom defiled my fathers Bed? Have I like Jacob supplanted my elder brother? Or like Ahab intruded into Naboth's Vineyard? Have I borne false witness like the wanton Elders? Or like David coveted Uriah's Wife? Have I not given Tithes of all I have? Or hath my purse been hide-bound to my hungry brother? Hath not my life been blameless before men? and my demeanour unreproachable before the world? Have I not hated Vice with a perfect hatred? and countenanced vertue with a due respect? What mean these strict observers of my life, to ransack every action, to carp at every word, and with their sharp censorious tongues to sentence every frailty with damnation? Is there no allowance to humanity?

humanity? No *Grains* to flesh and blood? Are we all *Angels*? Has mortality no *privilege* to supersede it from the utmost punishment of a little *necessary* frailty? Come, come, my soul, let not these *judgment-thunders* fright thee. Let not these *Qualms* of their *exuberant Zeal* disturb thee. Thou hast not cursed like *Shimei*, nor rail'd like *Rabshakeh*, nor lied like *Ananias*, nor slander'd like thy *accusers*. They that censure thy *Gnats* swallowed their own *Camels*. What if the luxuriant stile of thy discourse do chance to strike upon an obvious *Oath*? art thou straight hurried into the bosom of a *Plague*? What if the *custom* of a harmless *Oath* should captivate thy heedless tongue? Can nothing under sudden *judgment* seize upon thee? What if anothers *diffidence* should force thy earnest lips into a hasty *Oath*, in confirmation of a suffering *truth*? Must thou be straight-ways branded with *damnation*? Was *Joseph* mark'd for everlasting death, for swearing by the life of *Egypt's King*? Was *Peter* when he so denied his Master, straight damn'd for *swearing*, and forswearing? O flatter not thyself, my soul, nor turn thou *Advocate* to so high a sin: Make not the *slips* of Saints a *pre-sident* for thee to fall.

His Arraignment.

If the *Rebukes* of flesh may not prevail, hear then the *threatning* of the Spirit, which saith, *The Plague shall not depart from the house of the swearer.*

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 7.

THou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his Name in vain.

Zech. 5. 3.

And everyone that sweareth shall be cut off.

Matth. 5. 34, &c.

Swear not at all: neither by Heaven, for it is God's Throne; nor by Earth, for it is his footstool: But let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Jer. 23. 10.

Because of swearing the Land mourneth.

August in Ser.

The murtherer killeth the body of his brother; but the swearer murders his own soul.

August. in Psal. 88.

It's well that God hath forbidden man to swear, lest by custom of swearing (inasmuch as we are apt to mistake) we commit perjury: there's none but God can safely swear, because there's no other but may be deceived.

August. de Mendacio.

I say unto you, Swear not at all; lest by swearing ye come to a facility of swearing, from a facility to a custom, and from a custom ye fall into perjury.

His

His Soliloquy.

O What a *judgment* is here! How terrible! How full of execution! The *Plague*! the extract of all diseases! none so mortal, none so comfortless! it makes our house a *Prison*, our friends *strangers*. No comfort but in the expectation of the *months* end. I, but this judgment excludes that comfort too; *The Plague shall never depart from the house of the swearer*. What, never? *Death* will give it a *Period*. No, but it shall be entail'd upon his *house*, his *family*. O detestable! O destructive sin! that leaves a *Cross* upon the doors of *Generations*, and lays whole *families* upon the dust. A sin whereto neither *Profit* incites, nor *Pleasure* allures, nor *Necessity* compels, nor *Inclination* of nature perswades; a meer *voluntary*, begun with a *malignant* imitation, and continued with an *habitual* presumption. Consider, O my soul, every *Oath* hath been a nail to wound that *Saviour* whose *bloud* (O mercy above expression!) must save thee: Be sensible of thy *Actions* and his *sufferings*: Abhor thy self in dust and ashes, and magnifie his mercy that hath turn'd this judgment from thee. Go, wash those wounds which thou hast made with tears, and humble thy self with *Prayer* and true *Repentance*.

His Prayer.

ETernal and Omnipotent God, before whose glorious name Angels and Archangels bow and hide their faces, to which the blessed Spirits and Saints of thy triumphant Church sing forth perpetual *Hallelujahs*; I, a poor Sprig of disobedient *Adam*, do here make bold to take that holy Name into my sin-polluted lips. I have hainously sinned, O God, against thee, and against it; I have disparaged it in my thoughts, dishonoured it in my words, profaned it in my actions; and I know thou art a jealous God, and a consuming fire, as faithful in thy promises, so fearful in thy judgments. I therefore fly from the dreadful name of *Jehovah*, which I have abused, to that gracious name of *Jesus*, wherein thou art well pleased: in that most sacred name, O God, I fall before thee, and for his beloved sake, O Lord, I come unto thee. Cleanse thou my heart, O God, and then my tongue shall praise thee: wash thou my soul, O Lord, and then my lips shall bless thee. Work in my heart a fear of thy displeasure, and give me an awful reverence of thy Name. Set thou a watch before my lips, that I offend not with my tongue. Let no respects entice me to be an instrument of thy dishonour, and let thy attributes be precious in my eyes: teach me the way of thy Precepts, O Lord, and make me sensible of all my offences. Let not my sinful custom in
sinning

finning against thy Name take from my guilty soul the *sense* of my sin. Give me respect unto all thy Commandments; but especially preserve me from the danger of this my bosom sin. Mollifie my heart at the rebukes of thy servants, and strike into my inward parts a fear of thy judgments. Let all my communication be order'd as in thy presence, and let the words of my mouth be governed by thy Spirit. Avert those judgments from me which thy Word hath threatned, and my sin hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution for the time to come. Work in me a true godly sorrow, that it may bring forth in me a newness of life. Sanctifie my thoughts with the continual meditation of thy Commandments, and mortifie those passions which provoke me to offend thee. Let not the *examples* of others induce me to this sin, nor let the frailties of my flesh seek Fig-leaves to cover it. Seal in my heart the full assurance of thy Reconciliation, and look upon me in the bowels of compassion; that crowning my weak desires with thy All-sufficient Power, I may escape this judgment which thy justice hath threatned here, and obtain that *happinefs* thy mercy hath promised hereafter.

S. Chrysoft.

There is none that useth to swear often, but will sometimes chance to forswear: as he that gives the reins to his tongue too much, often speaks that which he blushes for in silence.

The

The Procrastinator's Remora's.

ELL me no more of *Fasting*, *Prayer*, and *Death*: They fill my thoughts with *dumps* of *Melancholy*. These are no *Subjects* for a *youthful ear*; no *contemplations* for an *active Soul*. Let them whom *fullen Age* hath weaned from aery *pleasures*, whom wayward *Fortune* hath condemned to *sighs* and *groans*, whom *sad diseases* have bellaved to *drugs* and *diets*; let them consume the remnant of their wretched days in dull *Devotion*: Let them afflict their aching *Souls* with the untunable discourses of *mortality*; let them contemplate on *evil days*, and read sharp *Lectures* of their own experience. For me, my bones are full of unctuous marrow, and my bloud of sprightly *Youth*. My fair and free estate secures me from the fears of *Fortune's frown*. My *strength of constitution* hath the power to grapple with sorrow; sickness; nay, the very pangs of death, and evercome. 'Tis true, God must be *sought*: What impious tongue dare be so basely bold to contradict so *known a Truth*? and by *Repentance* too: What strange impiety dare *deny* it? or what presumptuous lips dare *disavow* it? But there is a *time* for all things, yet none prefixt for this, no *day designed*; but, *At what time soever*. If my *unseasonable heart* should seek him now, the work would be too serious

for so green a *seeker*. My thoughts are yet unsettled, my *fancy* yet too-too gamesome, my *judgment* yet unsound, my *will* unsanctified. To seek him with an *unprepared* heart is the high way *not to find* him ; or to find him with unsettled resolution is the next way to *lose* him; and indeed it wants but little of *prophaneness*, to be *unseasonably Religious*. What is once to be done, is long to be deliberated. Let the *boiling pleasures* of the rebellious flesh evaporate a little, and let me drain my boggy soul from those corrupted in-bred *humors* of *collapsed nature*: and when the tender *blossom* of my *youthful vanity* shall begin to *fade*, my settled *understanding* will begin to *knot*, my solid *judgment* will begin to *ripen*, my rightly-guided *will* will be *resolved*, both what to *seek*, and when to *find*, and how to *prize*: till then my tender *youth*, in her pursuit, will be disturb'd with every *blast* of honour, diverted with every flash of pleasure, misled by *counsel*, turned back with *fear*, puzzled with *doubt*, interrupted by *passion*, withdrawn with *prosperity*, and discourag'd with *adversity*.

His Repulse.

Take heed, my soul: when thou hast lost thy self in thy *journey*, how wilt thou find thy God at thy *journeys end*? whom thou hast lost by too long *delay*, thou wilt hardly find with too late a *diligence*. Take time while time shall serve: that day may come wherein,

Hos. 5. 6.

Thou shalt seek the Lord, but shalt not find him.

His

His Proofs.

Efay 55. 6.

SEEK the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.

Heb. 12. 17.

He found no place for Repentance, though he sought it with tears carefully.

Luke 12. 20.

Thou fool, this night thy Soul shall be required of thee.

Revel. 2. 21.

I gave her a space to repent, but she repented not: Behold therefore I will cast her, &c.

Greg. lib. Mor.

Seek God whilst thou canst not see him; for when thou seest him thou canst not find him: seek him by hope, and thou shalt find him by faith. In the day of Grace he is invisible, but near; in the day of Judgment he is visible, but far off.

Bern. Ser. 24.

If we would not seek God in vain, let us seek him in truth, often and constantly: Let us not seek another thing instead of him, nor any other thing with him, nor for any other thing leave him.

His Soliloquy.

O My Soul, thou hast sought *wealth*, and hast either not found it, or *cares* with it: Thou hast sought for *pleasure*, and hast found it, but no *comfort* in it: Thou soughtest *honour*, and hast found it, and perchance *fallen* with it: Thou soughtest *friendship*, and hast found it *false*; *society*, and hast found it *vain*. And yet thy *God*, the fountain of all wealth, pleasure, honour, friendship and society, thou hast slighted as a toy not worth the finding. Be wise, my Soul, and blush at thy own *folly*. Set thy desires on the right *Object*. Seek *wisdom*, and thou shalt find knowledge, and wealth, and honour, and length of days. Seek *Heaven*, and *Earth* shall seek thee; and defer not thy *Inquest*, lest thou lose thy *Opportunity*. To day thou maist find him whom to morrow thou maist seek with tears, and miss. Yesterday is too late, to morrow is uncertain, to day is only thine. I but, my Soul, I fear me, too long delay hath made this day too late. Fear not, my Soul: he that has given thee his *Grace* to day will forget thy neglect of yesterday: seek him therefore by true *Repentance*, and thou shalt find him in thy Prayer.

His Prayer.

O God, that like thy precious Word art *hid* to none but who are *lost*, and yet art *found* by all that seek thee with an upright heart, cast down thy gracious eye upon a lost sheep of *Israel*, strayed through the vanity of his unbridled youth, and wandred in the wilderness of his own invention. Lord, I have too much delighted in mine own ways, and have put the *evil day* too far from me. I have wallowed in the *Pleasures* of this deceitful world, which perish in the using, and have neglected thee, my God, at whose right hand are *pleasures* for evermore. I have drawn on *iniquity* as with *Cart-ropes*, and have committed *evil* with *greediness*. I have *quenched* the motions of thy good *spirit*, and have *delayed* to seek thee by true and unfeigned *Repentance*. Instead of seeking thee whom I have lost, I have withdrawn my self from thy presence when thou hast *sought* me. It were but *justice* therefore in thee to stop thine ears at my petitions, or turn my Prayers as sin into my bosom. But, Lord, thou art a gracious God, and full of pity and unwearied compassion, and thy loving kindness is from generation to generation. Lord, in not *seeking* thee I have utterly *lost* my self, and if thou *find* me not, I am *lost* for ever; and if thou *find* me, thou canst not but find me in my *sins*, and then thou *findest* me to my own *destruction*.

How milerable, O Lord, is my condition! How necessary is my confusion that have neglected to *seek* thee, and therefore am afraid to be found of thee! But, Lord, If thou look upon the all-sufficient *merits* of thy Son, thy *justice* will be no loser in shewing mercy upon a sinner: In his *Name* therefore I present myself before thee; in his *Merits* I make my humble approach unto thee: In his name I offer up my feeble Prayers; for his merits grant me my pititions. Call not to mind the *Rebellions* of my flesh, and remember not, O God, the vanities of my youth: Inflame my heart with the *love* of thy presence, and relish my meditations with the *pleasure* of thy sweetness. Let not the consideration of thy *justice* overwhelm me in *despair*, nor the meditation of thy mercy perswade me to presume. Sanctifie my *will* by the wisdom of thy Spirit, that I may *desire* thee as the chiefest good. Quicken my *desires* with a fervent zeal, that I may *seek* my Creator in the days of my youth. Teach me to *seek* thee according to thy *will*, and then be found according to thy *promise*; that *living* in me here by thy *grace*, I may hereafter *reign* with thee in *glory*.

Greg. *vol vbi bus non*

God that hath promised pardon to the penitent,
hath not promised the respice of to morrow to
the impenitent sinner.

The

The Hypocrites Prevarication.

Here is no such stuff to make a *Cloak* on as *Religion*; nothing so fashionable, nothing so profitable: it is a *Livery* wherein a wise man may serve two Masters, *God* and the *World*, and make a gainful service by either. I serve both, and in both *my self*, in *prevaricating* with both. Before *Man* none serves his *God* with more severe *devotion*, for which amongst the best of Men I work my own ends and serve my self. In *private* I serve the *World*, not with so strict *Devotion*, but with more *delight*, where fulfilling of her servants *lusts* I work my end and serve my self. The house of *Prayer*, who more frequents than I? In all *Christian duties* who more forward than I? I *fast* with those that fast, that I may *eat* with those that eat: I *mourn* with those that mourn. No hand more open to the *cause* than mine, and in their Families none *prays longer* and with *louder zeal*. Thus when the *opinion* of a *holy life* hath cried the *goodness* of my *Conscience* up, my *trade* can lack no *custom*, my *wares* can want no *price*, my *words* can need no *credit*, my *actions* can lack no *praise*. If I am *covetous*, it is interpreted *Providence*; if *miserable*, it is counted *temperance*; if *melancholy*, it is construed *godly sorrow*; if *merry*, it is voted *spiritual joy*; if I be *rich*, 'tis thought

C 4 the

the blessing of a godly life ; if poor, supposed the fruit of *conscionable dealing* : If I be well spoken of, it is the merit of *holy conversation* ; if ill, it is the malice of *Malignants*. Thus I sail with every wind, and have my end in all conditions. This Cloak in *Summer* keeps me cool, in *Winter* warm, and hides my nasty Bag of all my secret lusts. Under this Cloak I walk in *publick* fairly with *applause*, and in *private* *sin-securely* without offence, and officiate wisely without discovery. I compass Sea and Land to make a *Profelyte* ; and no sooner made, but he makes me. At a *Fast*, I cry *Geneva* ; and at a *Feast*, I cry *Rome*. If I be poor, I counterfeite abundance to save my credit ; if rich, I dissemble poverty to save charges. I most frequent *Schismatical Lectures*, which I find most profitable, from whence learning to divulge and maintain *new doctrines*, they maintain me in suppers thrice a week. I use the help of a *lye* sometimes, as a religious *Stratagem* to uphold the *Gospel* ; and I colour *Oppression* with God's *Judgments* executed upon the wicked. *Charity* I hold an extraordinary duty, therefore not *ordinarily* to be performed. What I openly reprove abroad, for my own profit, that I secretly act at home, for my own pleasure.

His Woe.

But stay, I see a hand-writing in my heart damps my Soul ; 'tis characterized in these sad words,

Matth. 23. 13.

Woe be to you, Hypocrites.

His

His Proofs.

Job 20. 5.

THE triumphing of the wicked is short, the joy of a hypocrite is but for a moment.

Job 15. 34.

The Congregation of the hypocrites shall be desolate.

Prov. 11. 9.

An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour: but through knowledge shall the just be delivered.

Luke 12. 1.

Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisie.

Job 36. 13, 14.

The hypocrites in heart heap up wrath: They die in their youth, and their life is amongst the unclean.

Salvian. de Gubern. Dei, l. 4.

The hypocrites love not those things they profess, and what they pretend in words they disclaim in practice; their sin is the more damnable because ushered in with pretence of piety, having the greater guilt because it obtains a godly repnte.

Hieron. Ep.

Endeavour rather to be, than to be thought holy; for what profits it thee to be thought to be what thou art not? and that man doubles his guilt, who is not so holy as the world thinks him, and counterfeits that holiness which he hath not.

His Soliloquy.

HOW like a living *Sepulchre* did I appear; without, beautified with *Gold*, and rich *Invention*; within, nothing but a loathed *Corruption*? So long as this fair *Sepulchre* was clos'd, it pass'd for a curious Monument of the *Builders Art*, but being opened by these spiritual *Keys*, 'tis nothing but a *Receptacle* of offensive *putrefaction*. In what a *nasty dungeon* hast thou, my Soul, so long remain'd unstified? How wert thou *wedded* to thy own *Corruptions*, that wouldst endure thy unfavoury filthiness? The *world* hated me, because I *seemed* good; *God* hated me, because I *only seemed* good. I had no *friend* but my self, and this friend was my bosom-enemy. O my Soul, is there Water enough in *Jordan* to cleanse thee? Hath *Gilead Balm* enough to heal thy superannuated *Sores*? I have sinned; I am convinced, I am convicted. *God's Mercy* is above *Dimensions*, when sinners have not sinned beyond *Repentance*. Art thou, my Soul, truly *penitent* for thy sin? Thou hast free interest in his *Mercy*. Fall then, my Soul, before his *Mercy-seat*, and he will crown thy *Penitence* with his *Pardon*.

His Prayer.

O God, before the brightness of whose All-discerning eye the *secrets* of my heart appear, before whose *clear omniscience* the very entrails of my Soul lie open, who art a God of Righteousness and Truth, and lovest Uprightness in the inward parts; How can I chuse but fear to thrust into thy glorious Presence, or move my sinful lips to call upon that Name which I so often have dishonoured, and made a *Cloak* to hide the baseness of my *close* transgressions? Lord, when I look into the progress of my filthy life, my guilty conscience calls me to so strict account, and reflects me to so large an inventory of my presumptuous *sins*, that I commit a greater sin in thinking them more infinite than thy *Mercy*. But, Lord, thy *Mercies* have no date, nor is thy *Goodness* circumscribed. The gates of thy compassion are always open to a *broken heart*; and promise entertainment to a *contrite spirit*. The burthen of my *sins* is grievous, and the remembrance of my *hypocrisie* is intolerable. I have *sinned* against thy Majesty with a *high hand*, but I repent me from the bottem of an *humble heart*: as thou hast therefore given me *sorrow* for my *sins*, so crown that gift in the freeness of *Remission*. Be fully *reconciled* to me through the All-sufficient *Merits* of thy Son my Saviour, and seal in my afflicted heart the full assurance of thy gracious *favour*.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the Heavens, and let me praise thee with a *single* heart. Cleanse thou my inward parts, O God, and purifie the closet of my polluted soul. Fix thou my *heart*, O thou searcher of all secrets, and keep my *affections* wholly unto thee. Remove from me all *bye* and base *respects*, that I may serve thee with an *upright* spirit. Take not the word of truth out of my mouth, nor give me over to deceitful lips. Give me an *inward* reverence of thy Majesty, that I may *often* *confess* thee in the truth of my *sincerity*. Be thou the only *object* and end of all my actions; and let thy Honour be my great reward. Let not the hopes of filthy lucre, or the praise of men incline me to thee; neither let the pleasure of the world nor the fears of any loss entice me from thee. Keep me from those *judgments* my *hypocrisie* hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution to abhor my former life. Give me strength, O God, to serve thee with a perfect heart in the newness of life, that I may be delivered from the *old Man*, and the snares of *Death*. Then shall I praise thee with my *entire* *affections*, and glorify thy name for ever and ever.

Anonym.

The Hypocrite, that deceives the eye of Man, cannot the eye of God: He fears the eye of them that can only observe, but fears not the eye of God, who will certainly punish.

The

The Ignorant Man's Faultering.

YOU tell me, and you tell me that I must be a good *Man*, and *serve* God, and *do* his *will*; and so I do for ought I know. I am sure I am as good as God has *made* me, and I can *make* my self no *better*, so I cannot.

And as for serving God, I am sure I go to *Church* as well as the best in the *Parish*, though I be not so *fine*. And I make no question, if I had better *clothes*, but I should do God as much credit as another *Man*, though I say it. And as for *doing* God's *will*, I beshrew me, I leave that to them that are *Book-learn'd* and can do it more wisely. I believe the *Vicar* of our *Parish* can do it, and *has done* it too, as well as any within five miles of his head: and what need I trouble my self to do what is so *well done* already? I hope he being so good a *Church-man*, and so great a *Scholar*, and can speak *Latin* too, would not leave that to so simple a *Man* as I. It is enough for me to know that God is a good *Man*; and that the *Ten Commandments* are the best *Prayers* in all the *Book*, unless it be the *Creed*; and that I must love my *Neighbour* as well as he loves *me*: and for all other *Quill-comes*, they shall never trouble my brains, *an Grace a God*. Let me go a *Sundays* and *serve* God, *obey* the King (God bless him), *do* no *Man* no *wrong*, say the *Lord's Prayer* every morning and evening, follow my work, give a *Noble* to the

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the Poor at my death, and then say, *Lord have mercy upon me*, and go away like a *Lamb*, I make no question but I shall deserve *Heaven* as well as he that wears a *gayer Coat*. But yet I'm not so ignorant neither, nor have not gone so often to *Church*, but I know *Christ* died for me too, as well as for any other Man, I'd be sorry else; and that next to our *Vicar*, I shall go to *Heaven* when I am dead as soon as another: nay more, I know there be two Sacraments, *bread and wine*, and but two (though the *Papists* say there be six or seven) and that I verily believe I shall be saved by those *Sacraments*; and that I love God above all, or else 'twere pity of life; and that when I am dead and rotten (as our *Vicar* told me) I shall rise again and be the same Man as I was. But for that he must excuse me, till I have better satisfaction: for all his learning he cannot make me such a fool, unless he shew me a better reason for't than yet he hath done.

His Award.

But one thing he told me, now I think on't troubles me woundly, namely, that God is my *Master*, all which I confess; and that I must do his will (whether I know how to do it or not) or else it will go ill with me. I'll read it (he said) out of God's *Bible*; and I shall remember the words so long as I have a day to live, which are these,

Luke 12. 48.

He that knoweth not his masters will, and doth things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes.

His

His Proofs.

1 Cor. 14. 20.

Brethren, be not children in understanding: howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.

1 Cor. 15. 34.

Awake to righteousness and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak it to your shame.

Ephes. 4. 18.

Walk not in the vanity of your minds, having the understanding darkned, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance which is in you, because of the blindness of your hearts.

Levit. 5. 17.

And if a soul sin and commit any of these things which are forbidden to be done by the commandments of the Lord, though he wist it not, yet he is guilty, and shall bear his iniquity.

Greg. Mag. Moral.

It is good to know much, and to live well: but if we cannot attain both, it is better to desire piety than wisdom; for knowledge makes no man happy, nor doth blessedness consist in intellectuals. The only brave thing is a religious life.

Just. Mart. resp. ad orthod.

To sin against knowledge is so much the greater offence than an ignorant trespass, by how much the crime which is capable of no excuse is more hainous than the fault which admits a tolerable plea.

His

His Soliloquy:

HOW well it had been for thee, O my soul, if I had been *book-learned*! Alas! I cannot *read*, and what I hear I cannot understand; I cannot *profit* as I *should*; and therefore cannot be as good as I *would*; for which I am right sorry. That I cannot *serve* God as well as my betters, hath been often a great grief to me; and that I have been so *ignorant* in good things, hath been a great heart-breaking to me. I can say no prayers for want of knowledge to read, but *Our Father*, and the *Creed*: But the comfort is, God knows my heart. But I trust in God, *Our Father*; being made by Christ himself, will be enough for me that know not how to make a better. I endeavour to do all our *Vicar* bids me; and when I receive the *Communion* I truly forgive all the world for a *fortnight* after, or such a matter: but then some old *injury* makes me *forget* my self; but I cannot help it, and my life should lie on't. O my ignorant soul, what shall I do to be saved? All that I can say is, *Lord have mercy upon me*; and all that I can do is, but to do my good will: and that I'll do with all my heart, and say my *Prayers* too as well as God will give me leave, and grace a God.

His Prayer.

O God the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon me miserable sinner. I am, as I must needs confess, a sinful man, as my forefathers were before me. I have heard many Sermons, and have had many good lessons from the mouths of painful Ministers; but through the *dulness* of my *understanding*, and for *want* of *learning*, I have not profited so much as else I should have done: spare me therefore, O God, spare me whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood, and be not angry for ever. I must confess the *painfulness* of my *calling* and the *heaviness* of my own *nature* hath taken from me the delight of *hearing* thy word; and the ignorance of learning, which I was never brought up to, hath kept me from *reading* it; insomuch that, instead of growing better, I fear I have grown worse and worse, and have been so far from doing thy *will*, that I do not *understand* what thy *will* is very well. But thou O merciful God, that didst reveal thy self to poor *Shepherds* and *Fishermen*, that had no more learning than I, have mercy upon me for Jesus Christ his sake. Thou that hast promised to instruct the *simple*, and to lead the ignorant into thy way, be good and merciful to me, I beseech thee. Thou that drawest the *needy* out of the dust, and the *poor* out of the dunghill, give me the *knowledge* of thy *will*, and teach me how to *serve* thee. Rouse up the *drowsiness* of

of my *heart*; open mine *eyes* that I may *see* the truth, and mine *ears* that I may understand thy Word; and strengthen my *memory* that I may lay it up in my *heart*, and shew it in my *life* and *vocation* to thy glory and my comfort, and the comfort of my friends. Lord, write thy will in my heart, that when I *know* it, I may do it willingly. O teach we what thy pleasure is that I may do my best to perform it. Give me faith to lay hold on Christ Jesus, who died for me, that after I am dead I may rise again and live with him. Give me a good heart, that I may deal honestly with all men, and do as I would be done to. Bless me in my calling, and prosper the labour of my hands, that I may have enough to feed me and clothe me, and to give to the poor. Mend all that is amiss in me, and expect from me according to the measure thou hast given me. Forgive me all my sins, and make me willing to please thee; that living a good life, I may make a gracious death, and so at last I may come to Heaven and live for ever, for Jesus Christ his sake, Amen.

Anonym.

That only is the best knowledge that makes us better.

Anonym.

Ignorance will not excuse sin, when it self is a sin.

The

The Slothful mans Slumber.

What a world of *Curses* the eating of the *forbidden fruit* hath brought upon mankind, and unavoidably entail'd upon the sons of men! Among all which no one appears to me more terrible and full of sorrow, and bewraying greater wrath, than that insufferable, that horrible punishment of *labour*, and to purchase Bread with so exorbitant a price as *sweat*. But, *O* what hap, what happiness have they, whose dying parents have procured a *quiet* fortune for the unmolested children, and conveyed descended *Rents* to their succeeding heirs, whose *ease* and contented lives may sit and suck the sweetness of the *cumberless estates*, and with their folded hands enjoy the delicacies of this toilsome world. How blessed, how delicious are those *easy* morsels, that can find the way to my soft palate, and then attend upon the wanton leisure of my *silken slumbers*, without the *painful practice* of my bosom-folded hands, or *sad contrivement* of my *studious and contracted Brows*? Why should I tire my tender youth, and torture out my groaning days in *toil and travel*, and discompose the happy peace of my harmonious thoughts with *painful grinding* in the common *mill* of dull mortality? Why should I rob my craving eye-lids of their delightful *Rest*,
to

to cark and care, and purvey for that *Bread* which every work-abhorring *vagabond* can find of *Alms* at every good mans door? Why should I leave the warm protection of my care-beguiling *Donne*, to play the droiling drudge for daily food, when the young empty *Ravens* (that have no hands to work, nor providence but heaven) can call and be supplied? The pale-faced *Lily* and the blushing *Rose* neither spin nor sow, yet princely *Solomon* was never robed with so much glory; and shall I then afflict my body, and beslave my heaven-born soul, to purchase *Rags* to clothe my nakedness? Is my condition worse than *Sheep* ordained for slaughter, that crop the springing *grass*, cloathed warm in soft *Raiment*, purchas'd without their providence or pains? Or shall the pamper'd *Beast*, that shines with fatness and grows wanton through his careful *Grooms* indulgence, find better measure at the worlds too partial hands than I? Come, come, let those take pains that love to leave their names enroll'd in memorable monuments of *Parchment*. The day has grief enough without my help; and let to morrows *shoulders* bear to morrow's *burthens*.

His Doom.

But stay, my soul, O stay thy rash resolves: take heed whilest thou avoidest the punishment of sin, *labour*, thou meet not the reward of idleness, a *judgment*.

Prov. 19. 15.

The idle soul shall suffer hunger.

His

His Proofs.

A. Eccles. 10. 18.

By much slothfulness the building decayeth;
and through idleness of the hands the
house droppeth through.

Ezek. 16. 49.

Behold this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom:
pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of
idleness was in her, and in her daughters;
neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor
and needy.

Prov. 6. 6, 7, 8.

Go to the Pismire, O sluggard, behold her ways
and be wise. For she having no guide, go-
vernour nor ruler, prepareth her meat in
Summer, and gathereth her food in harvest.

Nilus in Parænes

Idleness is the womb or fountain of all wicked-
ness: for it consumes and wastes the riches,
and vertues which we have already, and dis-
enables us to get those we have not.

Ibid.

Woe be to the idle soul, for he shall hunger after
that which his riot consumed.

His

His Soliloquy.

HOW presumptuously hast thou, my soul, transgressed the expresse Commandment of thy God! How hast thou dash'd thy self against his judgments! How hath thy undeserving hand usurpt the diet, and wearest on thy back the wages of the painful soul! Art thou not condemned to Rags, to Famine, by him whose Law commanded thee to labour? And yet thou pamper'st up thy sides with *stollen food*, and yet thou deck'st thy wanton body with *unearned ornaments*; while they that spend their daily strength in their commanded callings (whose labour gives them interest in them) want *Bread* to feed, and *Rags* to cloath them. Thou art no young *Raven*, my soul, no *Lily*. Where *ability to labour* is, there *Providence* meets *action*, and crowns it. He that forbids to cark for to morrow, denies Bread to the *Idleness* of to day. Consider, O my soul, thy own *delinquency*, and let *imployment* make thee capable of thy Gods *protection*. The Bird that *sits* is a fair mark for the Fowler, while they that use the *wing* escape the danger. Follow thy *calling*, and Heaven will follow thee with his *Blessing*. What thou hast formerly *omitted*, present repentance may *redeem*; and what judgments God hath threatned, early *Petitions* may avert.

His Prayer.

Most great and most glorious God, who for the sin of our first parents hast condemned our frail bodies to the punishment of labour, and hast commanded every one a Calling and a Trade of life, that hatest *Idleness* as the root of evil, and threatnest *poverty* to the slothful hand; I thy poor suppliant convicted by thy judgments, and conscious of my own transgression, fly from thy self to Thee, and humbly appeal from the high Tribunal of thy Justice, and seek for refuge in the Sanctuary of thy Mercy. Lord, I have lead a life displeasing to thee, and have been a scandal to my profession; have slighted those Blessings which thy goodness hath promised to a conscionable calling, and have swallowed down the Bread of idleness. I have impaired the Talent thou gavest me, and have lost the opportunity of doing much good. I have filled my heart with idle imaginations, and have laid my self open to the lusts of the flesh. I have abused thy favours in the misexpending of my precious time, and have taken no delight in thy Sabbaths. I have doted too much on the pleasures of this World, and like a Drone have fed upon the honey of Bees. If thou, O God, shouldst be extream to search my ways with too severe an eye, thou couldst not chuse but whet thy indignation, and pour the vials of thy wrath upon me. Look therefore not upon my sins, O Lord; but through

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through the *merits* of my Saviour, who hath made a full satisfaction for all my sins. What through my *weakness* I have failed to do, the *fulness* of his *sufferings* hath most exactly done. In him, O God, in whom thou art well pleased, and for his sake, be gracious to my sin. Alter my heart and make it willing to please thee, that in my life I may adorn my profession. Give me a care and a Conscience in my *calling*, and grant thy blessing to the lawful *labours* of my hand. Let the fidelity of my vocation improve my *Talent*, that I may enter into my Master's joy. Rouse up the dulness and deadness of my heart, and quench those *flames* of lust within me. Assist me, O God, in the *Redemption* of my *time*, and deliver my soul from the evilness of my days. Let thy *providence* accompany my moderate *endeavours*, and let all my *employments* depend upon thy *providence*; that when the labours of this sinful world shall cease, I may feel and enjoy the benefit of a good *conscience*, and obtain the rest of a new Jerusalem in the Eternity of glory.

Anonym.

He that is idle, is ready for Satan to set on work.

The

The Proud man's Ostentation.

'LL make him feel the weight of my displeasure, and teach him to repent his *sawcy boldness*. How dares his *baseness*, once presume to breath so near my person, much more to take my name into his dunghill mouth? Methinks the lustre of my sparkling-eye might have had the power to astonish him into good manners, and sent him back to cast his mind into a fair *Petition*, humbly presented with his trembling hand. But thus to press into my presence, to press so near my face, and then to speak, and speak to me, as if I were his equal, is more than sufferable. The way to be *contemn'd* is to digest contempt, but he that would be *honour'd* by the vulgar sort must wisely keep a distance. A countenance that's reserv'd breeds fear and observation: but *affability* and too easie an access makes fools too bold, and reputation cheap. What price I set upon my own deserts, instructs opinion how to prize me. That which base ignorance miscalls thy pride, is but a conscious knowledge of thy merits. Dejected souls, craven'd with their own distrusts, are the worlds Foot-balls to be kick'd and spurn'd: but brave and true heroick spirits, that know the strength of their own worth, shall baffle baseness and presumption into a Reverential silence; and spight of envy flourish in an honourable repute. Come then, my soul, advance

D

vance thy *noble*, thy sublimer *thoughts*, and prize thy self according to those *parts*, which all may wonder at, few imitate, but none can equal. Let not the insolent *affronts* of vassals interrupt thy *Peace*, nor seem one scruple less than what thou art. Be thou thy self, *respect* thy self, receive thou *honour* from *thyself*; rejoice thy self in *thy self*, and prize thy self for *thy self*. Like *Cesar*, admit no *equal*; and like *Pompey*, acknowledge no *superior*. Be covetous of thine own *honour*, and hold another's *glory* as thy *injury*. Renounce *Humility* as an *Herésie* in reputation, and *weakness* as the worst *disease* of a true-bred noble spirit. Disparage *worth* in all but in thy self, and make another's infamy a *foil* to magnifie thy glory. Let such as have no reason to be *proud*, be *bumbled* of necessity; and let them that have no parts to *value*, be *despondent*. But as for thee, thy *Cards* are good; and having skill enough to play thy hopeful *Game*, *viz.* boldly, conquer and triumph.

His Desolation.

But stay, my Soul, the *Trump*, is yet unturn'd: boast not too soon, nor call it a fair day till night: the turning of a hand may make such *alterations* in thy flattering fortunes, that all thy *glorious expectations* may chance to end in *loss* and unsuspected *ruine*. That God which thrust that *Babylonian* Prince from his imperial *Throne*, to graze with beasts, hath said,

Prov. 15. 25.

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud.

His Proofs.

Prov. 11. 2.

When pride cometh then cometh shame;
but with the lowly is wisdom.

Jer. 13. 15.

Hear ye, and give ear, and be not proud; for
the Lord hath spoken.

Esay 2. 12.

The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every
one that is proud and lofty, and upon every
one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low.

Prov. 16. 5.

Every one that is proud in heart is abomination
to the Lord.

James 4. 6.

God rejecteth the proud, and giveth grace to
the humble.

Insidor. Hispal.

Pride made Satan fall from the highest heaven:
therefore they that pride themselves in their
vertues, imitate the Devil; and fall more dan-
gerously, because they aspire and climb to the
highest pitch, from whence is the greatest fall.

Greg. Mor.

Pride grows stronger in the riot whilst it braves
it self with presumptuous advances, yet the
higher it climbs the lower it falls: for he that
heightens himself by his own pride, is always
destroyed by the judgment of God.

His Soliloquy.

HOW wert thou *muffled*, O my soul! How
 were thine eyes *blinded* with the *corrup-*
tion of thine own *heart*! When I beheld my
 self by my own *light*, I seem'd a glorious
 thing; my *sun* knew no *eclipse*; and all my *per-*
fections were gilded over with vain-glory:
 but now the *day-spring* from above hath shin'd
 upon my heart, and the diviner light hath dri-
 ven away those foggy *mists*, I find my self a-
 nother thing: my *Diamonds* are all turn'd
Pebbles, and my glory is turn'd to shame.
 O my deceived soul, how great a darkness was
 thy light! The thing that seem'd so *glorious*
 and sparkled in the night, by day appears but
 rotten wood; and that bright *Gloe-worm*, that
 in darkness out-shin'd the *Chrysolite*, is by this
 new-found light no better than a crawling
 worm. How inseparable, O my soul, is pride
 and folly! which like *Hypocrites twins* still
 live and die together. It blinds the eye, be-
 fools the judgment, knows no superiors, hates
 equals, disdains inferiors; is the wise mans
 scorn, and the fools *Idol*. Renounce it, O my
 soul, lest thy God renounce thee. He that
 hath threatned to resist the *proud*, hath pro-
 mised to give Grace to the *humble*; and what
 true *Repentance* speaks, free *mercy* hears and
 crowns.

His Prayer.

O God the fountain of all true *Glory*, and the giver of all free grace, whose Name is only *honourable* and whose works are only *glorious*, that shewest thy ways to the *meek*, and takest *compassion* upon an *humble* spirit, that hatest the presence of a *lofty* eye, and destroyest the *proud* in the imaginations of their hearts; vouchsafe, O Lord, thy gracious ear, and hear the sighing of a contrite heart. I know, O God, the *quality* of my *sin* can look for nothing but the *extremity* of thy *wrath*; I know the *crookedness* of my condition can expect nothing but the *Furnace* of thy *indignation*; I know the *insolence* of my *corrupted nature* can hope for nothing but the *execution* of thy *judgments*: Yet, Lord, I know withal thou art a gracious God, of evil repenting thee, and slow to wrath; I know thy nature and property is to shew compassion, apt to conceive, but readier to forgive; I know thou takest no pleasure in the destruction of a sinner, but rather that he should repent and live: In confidence and full assurance whereof I am here prostrate on my *bended* knees, and with an *humble* heart. Nor do I press into thy holy presence, trusting in my own merits, lest thou shouldest deal with *me* as I have dealt by *others*; but being encouraged by thy gracious invitation, and heavy laden with the burthen of my sins, I come to thee, O God, who

art the refuge of a wounded soul, and the Sanctuary of a broken spirit. Forgive, O God, forgive me what is past recalling, and make me circumspect for the time to come. Open mine eyes that I may see how *vain* a thing I am and how polluted from my very birth. Give me an insight of my own corruptions, that I may truly *know* and loath *my self*. Take from me all *vain-glory* and *self-love*, and make me careless of the *world's applause*. Endue me with an *humble* heart, and take this *haughty* spirit from me. Give me a true discovery of my own *merits*, that I may truly fear and tremble at thy *judgments*. Let not the world's contempt deject me, nor the disrespects of man *dismay* me. Take from me, O God, a *scornful eye*, and curb my tongue that speaks *presumptuous* things. Plant in my heart a *brotherly* love, and cherish in me a charitable affection. Possess my soul with patience, O God, and establish my heart in the *fear* of thy name; that being *humbled* before thee in the *meekness* of my *spirit*, I may be *exalted* by thee through the *freeness* of thy *Grace*, and crowned with thee in the *Kingdom of Glory*.

Anonym.

*Pride is its own punishment, for nothing makes
men more contemptible in the eyes of others.*

The

The Covetous man's care.



Believe me, the *Times* are hard and dangerous; Charity is grown cold, and *Friends* uncomfortable; an empty *purse* is full of sorrow, and hollow *Bags* make a heavy heart. Poverty is a civil *Pestilence*, which frights away both friends and kindred, and leaves us to a *Lord have mercy upon us*. It is a *sickness* very catching and infectious, and more commonly *abhor'd* than cured. The best Antidote against it is *Angelica* and *Providence*, and the best Cordial is *Aurum potable*. Gold taken fasting is an approved soveraign. Debts are ill *humors*, and turn at last to dangerous *obstructions*. Lending is a mere *consumption* of the radical humour, which if consumed, brings a patient to *nothing*. Let others trust to *Courtiers promises*, to friends *performances*, to Princes *favours*; give me a *Toy* call'd *Gold*, give me a thing call'd *Money*. O blessed *Mammon*, how extreamly sweet is thy all-commanding presence to my thriving soul! In banishment thou art my dear *companion*: In captivity thou art my precious *ransom*: In trouble and vexation thou art my dainty *rest*: In sickness thou art my *health*; in grief my only *joy*; in all extremity my only *trust*. *Vertue* must vail to thee; nay *Grace* it self not relish'd with thy *sweetness*. would even displease the righteous

palates of the sons of men. Come then, my soul, advise, contrive, project; go, compass Sea and Land; leave no *exploit* untried, no *path* untrod, no *time* unspent; afford thine eyes no sleep, thy *head* no *rest*; neglect thy ravenous *belly*, uncloath thy *back*; deceive, betray, swear and forswear to compass such a *friend*. If thou be base in birth, 'twill make thee *honourable*; if weak in power, it will make thee formidable. Are thy friends few? 'twill make them *numerous*. Is thy cause bad? 'twill gain thee *Advocates*. True, *wisdom* is an excellent help, in case it *bend this way*; and *learning* is a gentile Ornament, if not too *chargeable*: yet by your leave, they are but estates for term of life; but *everlasting* Gold, if well advantag'd will not only bless thy days, but thy surviving children from generation to generation. Come, come, let others fill their brains with dear-bought *wit*, turn their pelice into expenceful *charity*, and store their bosoms with unprofitable *piety*; let them *lose* all to *save* their imaginary *conscienc*es, and *begger* themselves at home to be thought *honest* abroad: fill thou thy *bags* and *barns*, and *lay up* for many years, and take thy *rest*.

His Curse.

But, O my soul, what follows wounds my heart and strikes me on my knees.

Luke 12. 20.

Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.

His

His Proofs.

Mat. 6. 24.

YE cannot serve God and Mammon.

Job 20. 15.

He hath swallowed down Riches, and he shall vomit them up again: God shall cast them out of his belly.

Prov. 15. 27.

He that is greedy of gain troubles his own house; but he that hateth gifts shall live.

2 Pet. 2. 3.

Through covetousness they shall with feigned words make merchandice of you, whose judgment now of a long time lingreth not, and whose damnation slumbreth not.

Nilus in Parænes.

Woe to the covetous, for his Riches forsake him, and Hell fire takes him.

S. August.

O thou covetous man, why dost thou treasure up such hidden mischief? why dost thou dote on the Image of the King stamped on coin, and hatest the Image of God that shines in men?

Idem.

The Riches which thou treasurest up are lost; those thou charitably bestowest are truly thine.

His Soliloquy.

WHAT think'st thou now, my soul? If the *judgment* of *holy men* may not *inform* thee, let the *judgments* of thy angry God *enforce* thee. Weigh thy own carnal *affections* with the sacred *Oracles* of Heaven, and light and darkness are not more contrary. What thou *approvest*, thy God *condemns*; what thou *desirest*, thy God *forbids*. Now, my soul, if *Mammon* be God, follow him; if God be God, adhere to him: *Thou canst not serve God and Mammon*. If thy conscience feel the *hook*, nibble no longer. Many sins leave thee in the *way*, this follows thee to thy *lives end*; the *Root* of evil, the *Canker* of all goodness; It *blinds* Justice, *poisons* Charity, *strangles* Conscience, *bestaves* the affections, *betrays* Friendship, *breaks* all Relations. It is a root of the Devil's own *planting*; *pluck* it up. Think not that a *pleasure* which God hath *threatned*; nor that a *blessing* which Heaven hath *cursed*. *Devour* not that which thou or thy heir must *vomit* up. Be no longer possess'd with such a *Devil*, but *cast* him out; and if he be too *strong*, *weaken* him by *Fasting*, and *exercise* him by *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

O God that art the *fulness* of all *Riches* and *Magazin* of all *Treasure*, in the enjoyment of whose favour the smallest morsel is a *rich inheritance*, and the coarsest Pulse is a *large portion*, without whose blessing the greatest plenty *enriches* not, and the highest diet *nourishes* not; how have I (an earth-worm, and no Man) fixt my whole heart upon the transitory world, and neglected thee the only desirable good! I blush, O Lord, to confess the baseness of my life, and am utterly ashamed of mine own foolishness. I have placed my affections upon the nasty *rubbish* of this world, and have slighted the inestimable *Pearl* of my Salvation. I have wallow'd in the *mire* of my inordinate desires, and refused to be wash'd in the *streams* of thy compassion. I have put my confidence in the *faithfulness* of my servant, and have doubted the *providence* of thee my gracious Father. I have served unrighteous *Mammon* with greediness, and have preferred dross and dung before the pearly gates of new Jerusalem. Thou hast promised to be all in all to those that fear thee, and not to fail the soul that trusts in thee; but I refused thy gracious offer, and put my confidence in the vanity of the Creature. But, gracious God, to whom Repentance never comes unseasonable, that find'st an ear when sinners find a tongue, regard the contrition of a bleeding

ding heart, and withdraw not thy Mercy from a penſive ſoul. Give me new thoughts, O God, and with thy holy Spirit new mould my deſires. Inform my will, and ſanctifie my affection, that they may reliſh thy ſweetneſs with a full delight. Create in me, O God, a ſpiritual ſenſe, that I may take pleaſure in things that are above. Give me a *contented thankfulneſs* for what I have, that I may neither in *poverty* forſake thee, nor in *plenty* forget thee. Arm me with continual *patience*, that I may chearfully put my truſt in thy *providence*. Moderate my care for momentary things, that I may uſe the world as if I uſed it not. Let not the loſs of any earthly good too much deject me, leſt I ſhould ſin with my lips and charge thee fooliſhly. Give me a *charitable* hand, O God, and fill my heart with *brotherly compaſſion*, that I may chearfully exchange the *corruptible treaſure* of this world into the *incorruptible Riches* of the world to come; and proving a faithful ſteward in thy ſpiritual houſhold, I may give up my account with joy, and be made partaker of thy eternal joy in the Kingdom of thy glory.

S. Chryſoſt.

The veſſel of our deſires grows greater under our endeavours to fill it.

We brought nothing into the world, and we ſhall carry nothing out with us.

The

The Self-lovers Self-fraud.

OD hath required my heart, and he shall have it: God hath commanded truth in the *inward parts*, and he shall be obeyed. My *Soul* shall praise the Lord, and all that is within me, and I will serve him in the *strength* of my desires. And in *common* cases the *tongues* profession of his *name* is no less than necessary: But when it lies upon a *life*, upon the saving of a *liveliness*, upon the flat undoing of a *Reputation*, the case is altered. My *life* is dear, my fair *possessions* precious, and my *Reputation* is the very Apple of my eye. To save so great a *stake*, methinks *equivocation* is but *venial*, if a *sin*. If the true loyalty of mine heart stands sound to my *Religion* and my *God*, my well-informed *Conscience* tells me that in such *extremities* my frightened *tongue* may take the privilege of a *Salvo* or a *mental reservation*, if not in the expression of a fair *compliance*. What? shall the real *breach* of a holy *Sabbath*, dedicated to God's highest glory, be tolerated for the welfare of an *Oxe*? May that breach be set upon the score of *mercy*, and commended above *sacrifice*, for the safe-guard of an *Ass*? And may I not dispense with a bare *lip-denial* of my urg'd *Religion* for the necessary *preservation* of the threatned *life* of a Man?
for

for the saving of the whole *livelibood* and subsistence of a Christian? What? shall I perish for the want of food, and die a *Martyr* to that foolish conscience which forbids me to rub the ears of a little standing *Corn*? *Jacob* could purchase his sick Father's blessing with a down-right *lye*, and may I not *dissemble* for a *life*? The young Mans great *possessions* taught his timorous tongue to shrink from and decline his heart's *profession*, and who could blame him? Come, if thou freely give thy *house*, canst thou in conscience be denied a *hiding-room* for thy protection? The *Syrian Captain* (he whose heart was fixt on his now-firm-resolv'd and true devotion) reserved the house of *Rimmon* for his necessary attendance, and yet went in *peace*. *Peter* (upon the rock of whose confession the *Church* was grounded) to save his *liberty*, with a false, nay, with a perjur'd tongue, nay more, at such a time when as the *Lord of life* (in whose behalf he drew his *Sword*) was questioned for his innocent life, *denied* his *Master*; and shall I be so great an unthrift of my blood, my life, to lose it for a mere *lip-denial* of that *Religion* which now is settled, and needs no blood to seal it?

His Retribution.

But stay, my *Conscience* checks me, there's a *judgment* thunders; Hark.

Matth. 10. 33.

He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in Heaven.

His

His Proofs.

2 Tim. 3. 1, 2.

K Now that in the latter days perillous times shall come: For men shall be lovers of their own selves.

Esay 45. 23.

I have sworn by my self, the word is gone out of my mouth in Righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear.

Rom. 10. 10.

With the heart man believeth unto Righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made to salvation.

Luke 9. 26.

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in Glory.

August.

The love of God and the world are two different things. If the love of this world dwell in thee, the love of God forsakes thee: renounce that, and receive this: 'tis fit the more nobler love should have the best place and acceptance.

Theoph.

It is not enough only to believe with the heart, for God will have us confess with our mouth: every one that confesses that Christ is God, shall find Christ professing to the Father, that man is a faithful servant; but those that deny Christ shall receive that fearful doom, (Nescio vos) I know you not.

His

His Soliloquy.

MY Soul, in such a time as this, when the civil *Sword* is warm with *slaughter*, and the wasting *Kingdom* welters in her *bloud*, wouldst thou not give thy *life* to ransom her from *ruine*? Is not the God of Heaven and Earth worth many *Kingdoms*? Is thy *welfare* more considerable than his *glory*? Dar'st thou *deny* him for thy own *ends*, that denied thee nothing for thy good? Is a poor clod of Earth, we call *Inheritance*, prisable with his *greatness*; or a puff of breath, we call *Life*, valuable with his *honour*, in comparison of whom, the very Angels are impure? Blush, O my soul, at thy own guilt. He that accounted his *bloud*, his *life* not worth the keeping, to ransom thee, a wretch, lost by thy own rebellion, deserves he not the abatement of a *lust*, to keep him from a new *Crucifying*? My soul, if Religion *bind* thee not, if Judgments *terrifie* thee not, if natural Affection *inclines* thee not, yet let common Reason perswade thee to love him above a *trifle*, that loved thee above his *life*: And thou that hast so often denied him, *deny* thy self for ever, and he will *own* thee: Repent, and he'll pardon thee: Pray to him, and he will hear thee.

Anonym.

He that loves himself most, hath of all men the happiness to have the severest rivals.

His

His Prayer.

O God, whose *glory* is the end of my creation, and whose *free mercy* is the cause of my redemption; that gavest thy Son, thy only Son, to die for me, who else had perished in the common deluge of thy wrath; what shall I render for so great a *mercy*? What thankfulness shall I return for so infinite a *love*? Alas! the most that I can do is nothing; the best that I can present is worse than nothing, sin. Lord, if I yield my body for a sacrifice, I offer nothing but a lump of filth and loathsome putrefaction; or if I give my soul in contribution, I yield thee nothing but thy image quite defaced and polluted with my lusts; or if I spend the strength of the whole man, and with both heart and tongue confess and magnifie thy Name, how can the praises of my sinful lips, that breath from such a sink, be pleasing to thee? But, Lord, since thou art pleased in thy well-pleasing Son to accept the poverty of my weak endeavours, send down thy holy Spirit into my heart, cleanse it from the filth of my corruptions, and make it fit to praise thee. Lord, open thou my mouth, and my lips shall shew forth thy praise. Put a new song into my mouth, and I will praise thee and confess thee all day long. I will not hide thy goodness in my mouth, but will be shewing forth thy truth and thy salvation. Let thy praises be my honour, and let thy goodness be the subject

ject of my undaunted Song. Let neither *Reputation, Wealth, nor Life* be precious to me in comparison with thee. Let not the world's derision daunt me, nor examples of infirmity deject me. Give me courage and wisdom to stand for thy honour; O make me worthy, able and willing to suffer for thy name. Lord, teach me to deny my self, and to resist the motions of my own corruptions. Create in me, O God, a single heart, that I may love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Remember not, O Lord, the sins of my fear, and pardon the hypocrisy of my self-love. Wash me from the stains and guilt of this my hainous offence, and deliver me from this fearful judgment thou hast threatned in thy Word. Convince all the Arguments of my unsanctified wit, whereby I have become an advocate to my sin. Grant that my life may adorn my profession, and make my tongue an instrument of thy glory. Assist me, O God, that I may praise thy goodness, and declare thy wonders among the children of men. Strengthen my faith, that it may trust thee; and let my works so shine, that men may praise thee: that my heart *believing* unto righteousness, and my tongue *confessing* to salvation, I may be acknowledged by thee here, and glorified by thee in the Kingdom of glory.

Sa.

He that pleaseth himself pleaseth a fool.

The

The Worldly mans Verdour.

O R ought I see the case is even the same with him that *prays*, and him that does not *pray*; with him that *swears*, and him that *fears an Oath*. I see no difference; if any, those that they call the *wicked* have the advantage; Their crops are even as *fair*, their flocks as *numerous* as theirs that wear the ground with their religious *knees*, and fast their bodies to a *skeleton*; nay in the use of blessings (which only makes them so) they far exceed. They term me *Reprobate*, and style me *unregenerate*. 'Tis true, I eat my labours with a jolly heart, *drink* frolick cups, sweeten my pains with time-be-guiling *sports*, make the best *advantage* of my own, *pray* when I think on't, *swear* when they urge me, hear Sermons at my *leasure*, follow the *lusts* of my own eyes and take the *pleasure* of my own ways: and yet, God be thank-ed, my Barns are *furnish'd*, my Sheep *stand sound*, my Cattle *strong* for labour, my Pastures *rich* and flourishing, my Body *healthful*, and my Bags are *full*; whilst they that are so *pure*, and make such *conscience* of their ways, that *run* to Sermons, *fig* to *Lectures*, *pray* thrice a day by the hour, hold *faith* and *troth* prophane, and drinking *healths* a sin, do often find *lean* harvests, *easse* flocks and *empty* purses. Let them be godly that can live on *Air* and *Faith*, and eaten

eaten up by *Zeal* can whine themselves into an *Hospital*, or bless their lips with charitable *Scraps*. If godliness have this *reward*, to have short meals for *long Prayers*, weak estates for *strong faiths*, and good consciences upon such bad conditions, let them boast of their *penal-worths*, and let me be *wicked still*, and take my *chance* as falls. Let me have *judgment* to discover a *profitable Farm*, and *wit* to take it at an *easie Rent*, and *Gold* to stock it in a *liberal manner*, and *skill* to manage it to my *best advantage*, and *luck* to find a *good increase*, and *providence* to husband wisely what I *gain*: I seek no further, and I wish no more; Husbandry and Religion are two several *occupations*, and look two several ways, and he is the only *wise man* can reconcile them.

His Withering.

But stay, my soul, I fear thy reckoning fails thee. If thou hast *judgment* to *discover*, *wit* to *bargain*, *Gold* to *employ*, *skill* to *manage*, *providence* to *dispose*; canst thou command the *Clouds* to *drop*? or if a wet season meet thy *Harvest*, and with open sluces overwhelm thy *hopes*, canst thou let down the *flood-gates*, and stop the watry *Flux*? Canst thou command the *Sun* to shine? Canst thou forbid the *Mildews*, or controul the breath of the malignant *East*? Is not this God's sole *Prerogative*? And hath not that God said,

Psal. 92. 7.

When the workers of iniquity do flourish, it is that they shall be destroyed for ever?

His

His Proofs.

Job 21. 7.

W Herefore do the wicked live, become
old, yea are mighty in power?

8. Their seed is established in their sight, and
their off-spring before their eyes.

9. Their houses are safe from fear, neither is
the wrath of God upon them.

10. Their Bull gendereth, and faileth not;
their Cow calveth, and casteth not her Calf.

11. They send forth their little ones like a flock,
and their Children dance.

12. They take the Timbrel and the Harp, and
rejoice at the sound of the Organ.

13. They spend their days in wealth, and in a
moment they go down to the Grave.

Nil. in Paranel.

Woe be to him that pursues empty and fading
pleasures: because in a short time he fats and
pampers himself as a Calf to the slaughter.

Bernard.

There's no misery more true and real than false
and counterfeit pleasure.

Hieron.

It's not only difficult, but impossible, to have
heaven here and hereafter; to live in sensual
lusts, and to attain spiritual bliss; to pass
from one paradise to another; to be a mirror
of felicity in both worlds; to shine with glo-
rious rays both in this globe of the earth, and
the orb of heaven.

His

His Soliloquy.

HOW sweet a feast is till the *reckoning* come! A fair day ends often in a *cold* night, and the road that's pleasant ends in *Hell*. If worldly pleasures had the promise of *continuance*, prosperity were some comfort; but in this necessary *vicissitude* of good and evil, the prolonging of adversity *sharpens* it. It is no common thing, my Soul, to enjoy two Heavens: *Dives* found it in the present, *Lazarus* in the future. Hath thy encrease met with no *damage*? thy reputation with no *scandal*? thy pleasure with no *cross*? thy prosperity with no *adversity*? Presume not: God's checks are *symptoms* of his *mercy*; but his silence is the *harbinger* of a *judgment*. Be circumspect and provident, my Soul. Hast thou a fair *Summer*? provide for a hard *Winter*: the worlds *River* ebbs alone; it flows not: he that goes merrily with the *stream*, must *bale* up. Flatter thy self therefore no longer in thy *prosperous* sin, O my deluded Soul, but be truly sensible of thy own *presumption*. Look seriously into thy approaching danger, and humble thy self with true contrition. If thou procure *sour herbs*, God will provide his *Passover*.

His

His Prayer.

HOW weak is the Man, O God, when thou forsakest him ! How foolish are his Counsels, when he plots without thee ! How wild his progress when he wanders from thee ! How miserable till he return unto thee ! How his wits fail ! How his wisdom falters ! How his wealth melts ! how his providence is befool'd ! and how his soul be-slav'd ! Thou strik'st off the Chariot-weels of of his Inventions, and he is perplext : Thou confoundest the *Babel* of his Imaginations, and he is troubled. Thou crossest his designs, that he may *fear* thee ; and thou stop'st him in his ways, that he may *know* thee. How merciful art thou, O God, and in thy very judgments, Lord, how gracious ! Thou mightest have struck me into the lowest pit as easily as on these bended knees, and yet been justified in my confusion ; But thou hast threatned like a gentle Father, as loth to punish thy ungracious Child. Thou knowest the crooked thoughts of Man are vain, still turning point to their contrivers ruine. Thou sawest me wandring in the maze of death, whilst I with violence pursued my own destruction. But thou hast warn'd me by thy sacred Word, and took me off that I might live to praise thee. Thou art my confidence, O God ; Thou art the rock, the rock of my Salvation. Thy Word shall be my guide,
for

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for all thy paths are Mercy and Truth. Lord, when I look upon my former worldliness, I utterly abhor my conversation: strengthen me with thy assistance, that I may lead a new life; make me more and more sensible of my own condition, and perfect thou the good work thou hast begun in me. In all my designs be thou my Counsellor, that I may prosper in my undertakings. In all my actions be thou my guide, that I may keep the path of thy Commandments. Let all my own devices come to nought, lest I presume upon the Arm of flesh: let not my wealth increase without thy blessing, lest I be fatted up against the day of slaughter. Have thou a hand in all my just employments, then prosper thou the work of thy hands; O prosper thou thy handy-work, and make it mine, who have no interest in it till thou own me as thy Child. Then shall my Soul rejoice in thy favours, and magnifie thy name for all thy Mercies; then shall my lips proclaim thy loving-kindness, and sing thy praises for ever and for ever.

Eccles. 11. 9.

Walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee to judgment.

The Lascivious man's Heaven.

An flesh and bloud be so unnatur-
al to forget the Laws of *Nature*? can blowing youth im-
mure it self within the *Icy* walls
of *Vestal Chastity*? Can *lusty*
diet and *mollitious* rest bring
forth no other fruits but *faint* desires, *rigid*
thoughts, and *Phlegmatick* conceits? Should
we be *stocks* and *stones*, and (having active
souls) turn altogether *passives*? Must we turn
Ancorites, and spend our days in Caves and
Hermitages, and smother up our precious hours
in *cloistered* folly, and *recluse* devotion? Can
Rosie cheeks, can *Ruby lips*, can *snowy breasts*
and *sparkling eyes*, present their *beauties* and
perfections to the sprightly view of *young* mor-
tality? and must we stand like *Statutes* with-
out sense or motion? Can strict Religion im-
pose such *cruel* Tasks, and even *impossible*
Commands upon the raging thoughts of her
unhappy votaries, as to withstand and contra-
dict the instinct and very principles of *Nature*?
Can fair-pretending piety be so barba-
rous to condemn us to the *flames* of our affe-
ctions, and make us *Martyrs* to our own de-
sires? Is't not enough to conquer the rebell-
ious *Actions* of imperious flesh, but must we
manacle her hands, darken her eyes, nay worse,
restrain the freedom of her very *thoughts*? Can
full *perfection* be expected here? Or can our

E

work

work be *perfect* in this vale of imperfection: This were a life for *Angels*, but a task too hard for frail, for transitory *men*. Come, come, we are but *men*, but *flesh* and *blood*, and our born *frailties* cannot grapple with such potent *tyranny*. What *nature* and *necessity* requires us to do, is *venial* being done. Come, strive no more against so strong a *stream*, but take thy fill of *beauty*; solace thy wanton heart with *amorous* contemplations; clothe all thy words with *courtly Rhetorick*, and soften thy lips with *dialects* of love; *surfeit* thy self with pleasure, and *melt* thy passion into warm delights; walk into nature's universal *Bower*, and pick what *flower* does most surprize thine eye; drink of all waters, but be tied to none; spare neither cost nor pains to compass thy *desires*. Enjoy *varieties*: emparadise thy soul in *fresh* delights. The *change* of pleasure makes thy pleasure *double*. Ravish thy senses with perpetual *choice*, and glut thy soul with all the *delicates* of love.

His Hell.

But hold: There is a voice that whispers in my troubled ear; a voice that blanks my thoughts, and stops the course of my resolves; a voice that chills the bosom of my soul, and fills me with amazement: *Mark*.

Gal. 5. 21.

They which do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God.

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 14.

Thou shalt not commit Adultery.

Mat. 5. 28.

Whosoever looks upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

Rom. 13. 13.

Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting or in drunkenness, nor in chambering, nor in wantonness.

1 Pet. 2. 11.

Abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.

Nilus in Paræn.

Woe be to the fornicator and adulterer, for his garment is defiled and spotted, and the heavenly Bridegroom casts him out from his chaste nuptials.

A world of presumptuous and hainous offences do arise and spring from the filthy fountain of adulterous lust, whereby the gate of heaven is shut, and poor man excluded from God.

S. Greg. Mor.

Hence the flesh lives in sensual delights for a moment, but the immortal soul perisheth for ever.

His Soliloquy.

Lust is a *Brand* of original fire, rak'd up in the Embers of flesh and blood, uncover'd by a natural inclination, blown by corrupt communication, quench'd with fasting and humiliation: It is rak'd up in the *best*, uncovered in the *most*, and blown in thee, O my lustful soul. O turn thine ear from the pleadings of Nature, and make a *Covenant* with thine eyes. Let not the language of *Delilah* inchant thee, lest the hands of the *Philistines* surprize thee. Review thy *past pleasures*, with the charge and pains thou hadst to compass them, and shew me, where's thy penny-worth? Foresee what *punishments* are prepar'd to meet thee, and tell me, what's thy *purchase*? Thou hast barter'd away thy *God* for a *lust*; sold thy *eternity* for a *trifle*. If this bargain may be recall'd by *tears*, dissolve thee, O my soul, into a spring of *waters*: if to be revers'd with *price*, reduce thy whole estate into a *Sack-cloth* and an *Ash-tub*. Thou whose Liver hath scorch'd in the flames of lust, humble thy heart in the *Ashes* of Repentance: And as with *Esau* thou hast sold thy Birthright for *Broth*, so with *Jacob* wrestle by Prayer till thou get a *blessing*.

Anonym.

Consider well, how empty the pleasure will be when it is past, and thou cuttest off the chief strength of the temptation.

His Prayer.

O God, before whose face the Angels are *impure*, before whose clear omniscience all Actions *appear*, to whom the very secrets of the heart *are open*; I here acknowledge, to thy glory and my shame, the filthiness and vile *impurity* of my *Nature*. Lord, I was filthy in my very conception, and in filthiness my Mother's womb inclosed me, brought forth in filthiness, and filthy is my very innocency, filthy in the motions of my flesh, and filthy in the apprehensions of my soul; my words all clothed with filthiness, and in all my actions filthy and unclean, in my inclination filthy, and in the whole course of my life nothing but a continued filthiness. Wash me, O God, and make me clean, cleanse me from the filthiness of my corruption. Purge me, O Lord, with Hyssop, and create a clean heart within me. Correct the vagrant *motions* of my *flesh*, and quench the fiery darts of Satan. Let not the Law of my corrupted members rule me; O let *concupiscence* have no Dominion over me. Give me courage to fight against my *lusts*, and give my weakness strength to overcome: make sharp my Sword against this body of sin, but most against my *Delilah*, my bosom sin. Deliver me from the tyranny of temptation, or give me power to subdue it. Confine the liberty of my *wanton appetite*, and give me temperance in a sober diet. Grant

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me a heart to strive with thee in prayer, and hopeful patience to attend thy leisure. Keep me from the habit of an *idle* life, and close mine ears against *corrupt* communication. Set thou a watch before my lips, that all my words may savour of sobriety. Preserve me from the vanity and pride of life, that I may walk blameless in my conversation. Protect me from the fellowship of the unclean, and from all such as are of evil report. Let thy grace, O God, be sufficient for me, to protect my soul from the buffetings of Satan. Make me industrious and diligent in my calling, lest the enemy get advantage over me. In all my temptations let me have recourse to thee. Be thou my refuge when I call upon thee. Forgive, O God, the sins of my youth. O pardon the multitudes of my secret sins. Encrease my hatred to my former life, and strengthen my resolution for the time future. Hear me, O God, and let the words of my mouth be always acceptable to thee, O God, my strength and my Redeemer.

S. Hierom.

Pleasure leaves behind it a greater thirst than that which it pretends to quench; and though it be taken in a full draught, yet does not satisfy.

Prov. 6. 27.

Can a man take fire into his bosom, and his clothes not be burnt.

The Sabbath-breaker's Prophanation.

THE glittering *Prince* that sits upon his regal and imperial *Throne*, and the ignoble *Peasant* that sleeps within his sordid house of *Thatch*, are both alike to God. An *Ivory Temple* and a Church of *Clay* are prized alike by him. The flesh of *Bulls*, and the perfumes of *Myrrh* and *Cassia* smooke his Altars with an equal pleasure: and does he make such difference of *days*? Is he that was so weary of the *New-Moons*, so taken with the *Sun*, to tie his *Sabbath* to that only day: the *tenth* in tithes is any one in *ten*, and why the *seventh* day not any one in *seven*? We sanctifie the day, the day not us. But are we *Jews*? Are we still bound to keep a *legal Sabbath* in the strictness of the Letter? Have the *Gentiles* no *privilege* by the virtue of *Messiah's* coming? or has the *Evangelical Sabbath* no immunities? The *service* done, the *day's* discharg'd, my *liberty* restor'd; and if I meet my *profits*. or my *pleasures* then, I'll give them entertainment. If *business* call me to account, I dare afford a careful ear; or if my *sports* invite me, I'll entertain them with a chearful heart, I'll go to *Mattins* with as much devotion as my Neighbour; I'll make as low *obesance* and as just *responds* as any: but as soon as *Even-Song's* ended, my Church devotion

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and my *Psalter* shall sanctifie my *Pue* till the next Sabbath call. Were it not more for an old *custom's* sake than for the good I find in Sabbaths, that *Ceremony* might as well be spared. It is a day of *Rest*: And what's a *Rest*? a relaxation from the toil of *labour*. And what is labour but a painful exercise of the frail body? But where the *exercise* admits no toil, there *Relaxation* makes no *Rest*. What labour is it for the *worldly* Man to compass Sea and Land to accomplish his desires? What labour is it for the impatient *Lover* to measure *Hellepont* with his widened Arms to hasten his delight? What labour for the *youth* to number Musick with their sprightly *paces*? Where leisure's reconciled to labour, labour is but an *active rest*. Why should the Sabbath then, a *day of rest*, divorce from those delights that make thy *rest*? Afflict their Souls that please; my *rest* shall be what most conduces to my hearts delight. Two hours will vent more *Prayers* than I shall need, the rest remains for *pleasure*.

His Extirpation.

Conscience, why startest thou? A *judgment* strikes me from the mouth of Heaven, and faith,

Exod. 31. 14.

Whosoever doth any work on my Sabbath, his soul shall be cut off.

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 8, 9, &c.

Remember to keep holy the Sabbath-day; six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do: but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 13, 14.

Ye shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you. Verily my Sabbath thou shalt keep, for this is a sign betwixt me and you, throughout your Generations.

Luke 23. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices and ointments, and rested on the Sabbath-day according to the Commandment.

Gregor.

We ought upon the Lord's day to rest from bodily labour, and wholly to addict our selves to prayers, that whatsoever hath been done amiss the week before, may upon the day of our Lord's resurrection be expiated and purged by fervent prayers.

Cyr. Alex.

Sin is the store-house of death and misery, it kindles flames for its dearest friends. Therefore whosoever when he should rest from sin, busieth himself in the dead and fruitless works of wickedness, and renouncing all piety, lusts after such things as will bring him into eternal destruction and everlasting flames, justly deserves to die and perish with the damned; because when he might have enjoy'd a pious rest, he laboured to run headlong to his own destruction.

His Soliloquy.

MY Soul, how hast thou *profaned* that *day* thy God hath *sanctified*! How hast thou *encroached* on that which Heaven hath *set apart*! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath *twelve* hours, what happiness canst thou expect in a *perpetual* Sabbath? Is *six days* too *little* for thy self, and *two hours* too *much* for thy God? O my Soul, how dost thou prize *temporals* beyond *eternals*? Is it equal that God who gave thee a body, and *six days* to provide for it, should demand *one day* of thee, and be denied it? How liberal a *Receiver* art thou, and how miserable a *Requirer*! But know, my Soul, his Sabbaths are the *Apple* of his eye. He that hath power to vindicate the *breach* of it, hath threatned judgments to the *breaker* thereof. The God of Mercy that hath mitigated the *rigour* of it for charity sake, will not diminish the honour of it for profaneness sake. Forget not then, my Soul, to remember his *Sabbaths*, and remember not to forget his *Judgments*, lest he forget to remember thee in *Mercy*. What thou hast neglected, bewail with *contrition*; and what thou hast repented, forsake with *resolution*; and what thou hast resolved, strengthen with *devotion*.

Anonym.

The true Sabbath is to rest from sin.

His

His Prayer.

O Eternal, just and all-discerning Judge, in thy self glorious, in thy Son gracious, who triest without a witness, and condemnest without a Jury; O! I confess my very actions have betray'd me, thy Word hath brought in evidence against me, my own Conscience hath witnessed against me, and thy Judgment hath pass'd sentence against me: And what have I now to plead but my own *miser*y? and whether should that misery flee but to the God of *mercy*? And since, O Lord, the way to mercy is to leave myself, I here disclaim all interest in my self, and utterly renounce my self. I that was created for thy glory, have dishonoured thy Name: I that was made for thy service, have profaned thy *Sabbaths*: I have slighted thy *Ordinances*, and turned my back upon thy *Sanctuary*. I have neglected thy *Sacraments*, abused thy *Word*, despised thy *Ministers*, and contemned their *ministry*. I have come into thy Courts with an unprovided heart, and have drawn near with uncircumcised lips. And, Lord, I know thou art a jealous God, and most severe against all such as violate thy *Rest*. The glory of thy Name is precious to thee, and thine honour is as the Apple of thine eye. But thou, O God, that art the God of Hosts, hast published and declared thy self the Lord of Mercy. The constitution of *Sabbath* was a work of time: but,
Lord,

Lord, thy mercy is from all eternity. I that have *broke thy Sabbaths*, do here present thee with a broken heart: thy hand is not shortned that thou canst not heal, nor thy ear deafned that thou canst not hear. Stretch forth thine hand, O God, and heal my wounds; bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear my Prayers. Alter the fabrick of my sinful heart, and make it tender of thy glory. Make me *ambitious* of thy *service*, and let thy *Sabbaths* be my whole delight. Give me a holy Reverence of thy *Word*, that it may prove a light to my steps, and a Lanthorn to my feet. Endue my heart with Charity and Faith, that I may find a comfort in thy *Sacraments*. Bless thou the Ministers of thy sacred Word, and make them holy in their lives, sound in their *Doctrine*, and laborious in their callings. Preserve the universal Church in these distracted times; give her Peace, Unity and Uniformity; purge her of all Schism, Error and Superstition. Let the King's Daughter be all glorious within; and let thine eyes take pleasure in her beauty; that being honour'd here to be a Member of her Militant, I may be glorified with her Triumphant.

Anonym.

He that thinks it too much to keep a short Sabbath here, shall never be thought worthy to celebrate the eternal Sabbath hereafter.

The

The Censorious Man's Crimination.

Know there is much of the seed of the *Serpent* in him by his very looks, if his words betray'd him not. He hath eaten the *Egg* of the *Cockatrice*, and surely he remaineth in the state of *perdition*. He is not within the *Covenant*, and abideth in the *Gall* of bitterness. His *studied Prayers* shew him to be a high Malignant, and his *Jesus worship* concludes him *popishly affected*. He comes not to our private meetings, nor contributes a penny to the Cause. He cries up learning and the Book of *Common-prayer*, and takes no arms to hasten *Reformation*. He fears God for his own ends, for the spirit of *Antichrist* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries*, he goes a whoring after his own inventions. He can hear an *Oath* from his Superior without reproof, and the *heathenish Gods* named without spitting in his face. Wherefore my soul detesteth him, and I will have no *conversation* with him: for what fellowship hath *light* with *darkness*, or the pure in heart with the unclean? Sometimes he is a *Publican*; sometimes a *Pharisee*, and always an *Hypocrite*. He rails against the *Altar* as loud as we, and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Jesus*: he is quick-sighted at the infirmities of the Saints, and in his heart rejoiceth at our *failings*: he
honours.

honours not a preaching *Ministry*, and too much leans to a *Church-government*: he paints *devotion* on his face, whilst *pride* is stamp't within his heart: he places *sanctity* in the walls of a *Steeple-house*, and adores the *Sacrament* with his popish knee: his Religion is a *Weather-cock*, and turns *breast* to every *blast* of wind. With the pure he seems *pure*, and with the *wicked* he will join in *fellowship*. A *seber* language is in his mouth, but the *poison* of *Asps* is under his tongue. His works conduce not to *edification*, nor are the motions of his heart sanctified. He adores great ones for preferment, and speaks too partially of authority. He is a *Laodicean* in his faith, a *Nicodemitan* in his works, a *Pharisee* in his disguise, a *rank Papist* in his heart; and I thank my God I am not as this man.

His Commination.

But stay, my soul, take heed whilst thou judgest another, lest God judge thee: how com'st thou so expert in *another's heart*, being so often deceived in thy *own*? A *Saul* to day may prove a *Paul* to morrow. Take heed whilst thou wouldst seem *religious*, thou appear not *uncharitable*; and whilst thou judgest man, thou be not judged of *God*, who saith,

Mat. 7. 1.

Judge not, lest ye be judged.

His

His Proofs.

John 7. 24.

Judge not according to appearance; but judge righteous judgment.

Rom. 14. 10.

But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother; We shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

1 Cor. 4. 5.

Judge nothing before the time, untill the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsel of the heart.

Rom. 14. 13.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or accusation to fall in his brothers way.

Psal. 50. 6.

God is judge himself.

S. August.

Apparent and notorious iniquities ought both to be reprov'd and condemn'd: but we should never judge such things as we understand not, nor can certainly know whether they be done with a good or evil intent.

S. August.

When thou knowest not apparently, judge charitably; because it's better to think well of the wicked, than by frequent censuring to suspect an innocent man guilty of an offence.

S. August.

The unrighteous Judge shall be justly condemn'd.

His

His Soliloquy.

HAS thy Brother, O my Soul, a *beam* in his eye, and hast thou no *mote* in thine? Clear thine own, and thou wilt see the better to cleanse his. If a *Thief* be in his Candle, blow it not out, lest thou wrong the *flame*; but if thy *snuffers* be of Gold, snuff it. Has he offended thee; *Forgive* him. Hath he trespass'd against the Congregation? *Reprove* him. Hath he sinned against God? *Pray* for him. O my Soul, how uncharitable hast thou been? How Pharisaically hast thou judg'd? Being sick of the *Faundice*, how hast thou censur'd another *yellow*; and with *blotted* fingers made his *blur* the greater? How has the *pride* of thy own heart *blinded* thee toward thy self? How *quick sighted* to another? Thy Brother hath *slip'd*, but *thou* hast *fallen*, and blanch'd thy *impiety* with the publishing his *sin*. Like a *Flie*, thou stingest his sores, and feedest on his corruptions. *Jesus* came eating and drinking, and was judged a *glutton*: *John* came fasting, and was challeng'd with a *Devil*. Judge not, my Soul, lest thou be judged: malign not thy Brother, lest God laugh at thy destruction. Wouldst thou escape the punishment? *judge thy self*: Wouldst thou avoid the sin? *humble thy self*.

His Prayer.

O God that art the only searcher of the Reins, to whom the secrets of the heart of Man are only known, to whom alone the judgment of our thoughts, our words and deeds belong, and to whose sentence we must stand or fall; I a presumptuous sinner, that have thrust into thy place, and boldly have presumed to execute thy office, do here as humbly confess the insolence of mine attempt, and with a sorrowful heart repent me of my doings: and though my convinced conscience can look for nothing from thy wrathful hand but the same measure which I measured to another, yet in the confidence of that Mercy which thou hast promised to all those that truly and unfeignedly believe, I am become an humble suiter for thy gracious pardon. Lord, if thou search me not with a favourable eye, I shall appear much more unrighteous in thy sight than this my uncharitably condemned Brother did in mine. O look not therefore, Lord, upon me as I am, lest thou abhor me; but through the merits of my blessed Saviour cast a gracious eye upon me. Let his humility satisfy for my presumption, and let his meritorious sufferings answer for my vile uncharitableness. Let not the voice of my offence provoke thee with a stronger cry than the language of his Intercession. Remove from me, O God, all spiritual pride, and make

make me little in my own conceit. Lord, light me to my self, that by thy light I may discern how dark I am. Lighten that darkness by thy holy Spirit, that I may search into my own corruptions. And since, O God, all gifts and graces are but nothing, and nothing can be acceptable in thy sight without charity, quicken the dulness of my faint affections, that I may love my Brother as I ought. Soften my marble heart that it may melt at his infirmities. Make me careful in the examination of my own ways, and most severe against my own offences. Pull out the beam out of mine own eye, that I may see clearly, and reprove wisely. Take from me, O Lord, all grudging, envy and malice, that my seasonable reproofs may win my Brother. Preserve my heart from all censorious thoughts, and keep my tongue from striking at his name. Grant that I make right use of his Infirmities, and read good lessons in his failings; that loving him in thee, and thee in him, according to thy command, we may both be united in thee as Members of thee, that thou may'st receive honour from our communion here, and we eternal glory from thee hereafter in the world to come.

Th. de Kempis.

There are two lessons which God every day gives his Elect : One, to see their own faults ; the other, the goodness of God.

The

The Lye's Fallacies.

✱✱✱✱✱ A Y, if Religion be so strict a law,
✱ N ✱ to bind my tongue to the necessity
✱ ✱ of a truth on all occasions, at all
✱ ✱ times, and in all places, the gate
is too *strait* for me to enter; or
if the general rules of down right truth will admit no few *exceptions*, farewel all honest *mirth*, farewel all *trading*, farewel the whole *converse* betwixt man and man. If always to speak punctual truth be the true *Symptom* of a blessed soul, *Tom-tell-troth* has a happy time, and *fools* and *children* are the only men. If *Truth* sit Regent, in what faithful brest shall *secrets* find repose? What *Kingdom* can be safe? What *Common-wealth* can be secure? What *War* can be successful? What *Stratagem* can prosper? If bloody times should force Religion to *shroud* it self beneath my roof, upon demand, shall my false Truth *betray* it? Or shall my brother's life, or shall my own be seized upon through the cruel truth of my down-right *confession*? or rather not to be secured by a fair *officious lye*? Shall the righteous Favourite of Egypt's Tyrant by virtue of a *loud lye* sweeten out his joy, and heighten up his soft affection with the *Antiperistasis* of *tears*? and may I not prevaricate with a fullen truth to save a brother's *life* from a bloud-thirsty hand? Shall *Jacob* and his too indulgent *Mother* conspire in a *lye* to purchase a paternal *blessing* in the false name and habit of a *supplanted brother*? and shall I question to
preserve

preserve the granted blessing of a *life* or *livelihood* with a harmless lye? Come, come, my soul, let not thy timorous *conscience* check at such poor things as these. So long as thy officious tongue aims at a *just end*, a lye is no offence; so long as thy perjurious lips confirm not thy untruth with an *audacious* brow, thou needst not fear. The weight of the *cause* relieves the burthen of the *Crime*. Is thy *Center* good? No matter how crooked the lines of the *Circumference* be; *Policy* allows it. If thy *journeys end* be Heaven, it matters not how full of Hell thy *journey* be; *Divinity* allows it. Wilt thou condemn the *Ægyptian Midwives* for saving the *infant* Israelites by so merciful a *lye*? When *Martial execution* is to be done, wilt thou fear to *kill*? When *hunger* drives thee to the gates of death, wilt thou be afraid to *steal*? When *civil wars* divide a Kingdom, will *Mercuries* decline a lye? No, circumstances *excuse*, as well as *make* the lye. Had *Cesar*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander* been regulated by such *strict divinity*, their names had been as silent as their *dust*. A lye is but a fair *put-off*, the *sanctuary* of a secret, the *riddle* of a lover, the *stratagem* of a Souldier, the *policy* of a Statesman, and a *salve* for many desperate sores.

His Flames.

But hark, my soul, there's something rounds mine ear, and calls my language to a *Recantation*. The Lord hath spoken it.

Lyers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, Revel. 21. 8.

His

His Proofs.

THou shalt not raise a false Report, Ex. 20.
Levit. 19. 11.

Ye shall not deal falsly, neither lye one to another.

Prov. 12. 22.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord: but
they that deal truly are his delight.

Prov. 19. 5.

He that speaketh lyes shall not escape.

Ephes. 4. 25.

Put away lying, and everyone speak truth with
his Neighbour: for we are members one of
another.

Revel. 21. 27.

There shall in no wise enter into the new Jeru-
salem any thing that worketh abomination or
that maketh a lye.

S. August.

Whosoever thinks there's any kind of lye that is
not a sin, shamefully deceives himself mista-
king a lying or cozening knave for a square or
honest man.

Gregor.

Eschew and avoid all falshood: though sometime
certain kinds of untruth are less sinful, as to
tell a lie to save a mans life; yet because the
scripture saith, The lyer slayeth his own soul,
and God will destroy them that tell a lye,
therefore Religious and honest men should
always avoid even the best sort of lyes; nei-
ther ought another man's life to be secured
by our falshood or lying, lest we destroy our
own soul in labouring to secure another mans
life.

His

His Soliloquy.

WHat a *child*, O my soul, hath thy false bosom harbour'd! And what reward can thy indulgence expect from such a *Father*? What blessing canst thou hope from Heaven that pleadest for the *Son* of the Devil, and crucifiest the *Son* of God? God is the Father of *Truth*. To secure thy estate thou deniest the *truth* by framing of a *lye*: To save thy brother's life thou opposest the *truth* in justifying a *lye*. Now tell me, O my soul, art thou worthy the name of a *Christian*, that deniest and opposest the *nature* of Christ? Art thou worthy of *Christ*, that preferrest thy *estate* or thy brother's *life* before him? O my unrighteous soul, canst thou hold thy brother worthy of death for giving thee the *lye*, and thy self guiltless that *makest* a *lye*? I, but in some cases *truth* destroys thy life; a *lye* preserves it. My soul, was God thy *Creator*? then make not the Devil thy *preserver*. Wilt thou despair to *trust* him with thy life that *gave* it, and make him thy *Protector* that seeks to *destroy* it? Reform thee and repent thee, O my soul; hold not thy life on such conditions, but trust thee to the hands that made thee.

S. Hierom.

Let not thy tongue know how to lye or swear; and let there be in thee so great a love of truth, that thou account whatever thou sayest as sealed with an Oath.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art the God of *truth*, whose word is *truth*, that hatest *lying* lips, and abominatest the *deceitful* tongue, that banishest thy presence all such as *love* or *make a lye*, and lovest *truth*, and requirest *uprightness* in the inward parts; I the most wretched of the sons of men, and most unworthy to be called thy son, make bold to cast my sinful eyes to Heaven. Lord, I have sinned against Heaven and against *truth*, and have turned thy grace into a *lye*. I have renounced the ways of righteousness, and have harboured much iniquity within me, which hath turned thy wrath against me. I have transgress'd against the checks of my own conscience, and have vaunted of my transgression: which way soever I turn mine eye, I see no object but shame and confusion. Lord, when I look upon my self, I find nothing there but fuel for thy wrath, and matter for thine indignation and my condemnation. And when I cast mine eyes to Heaven, I there behold an angry God, and a severe revenger. But, Lord, at thy right hand I see a Saviour and a sweet Redeemer. I see thy wounded Son cloathed in my flesh, and bearing mine infirmities, and interceding for my numerous transgressions; for which my soul doth magnifie thee, O God, and my spirit rejoiceth in him my Saviour. Lord, when thou lookest upon the vast score of my offences, turn thine eyes

eyes upon the infinite merits of his satisfaction. O when thy justice calls to mind my sins, let not thy mercy forget his sufferings. Wash me, O wash me in his blood, and thou shalt see me clothed in his righteousness. Let him that is all in all to me, be all in all for me; make him to me sanctification, justification and redemption. Inspire my heart with the spirit of thy truth, and preserve me from the deceitfulness of *double tongues*. Give me an inward confidence to rely upon thy fatherly providence, that neither fear may deter me, nor any advantage may turn me from the ways of thy *truth*. Let not the specious goodness of the *end* encourage me to the unlawfulness of the *means*, but let thy Word be the warrant to all my actions. Guide my footsteps that I may walk uprightly, and quicken my conscience that it may reprove my failings. Cause me to feel the burthen of this my habitual sin, that coming to thee by a true and serious repentance, my sins may obtain a full and a gracious forgiveness. Give me a *heart* to make a Covenant with my *lips*; that both my *heart* and *tongue* being sanctified by thy Spirit, may be both united in *truth* by thy mercy, and magnifie thy name for ever and for ever.

Str.

He that is afraid to tell the truth, denieth himself to be a man.

The

The Revengeful Man's Rage.



What a *Julip* to my scorching soul is the delicious *blond* of my *Offender*! And how it cools the burning *Fever* of my boiling veins! It is the *Quintessence* of pleasures, the *height* of satisfaction, and the very *marrow* of all delight, to bath and paddle in the *blond* of such whole bold *as-fronts* have turn'd my wounded *patience* into *fury*. How full of sweetness was his death, who dying was reveng'd upon three thousand enemies? How sweetly did the *younger brother's blond* allay the soul-consuming flames of the *elder*, who took more pleasure in his *last breath*, than Heaven did in his first *Sacrifice*? Yet had not Heaven condemned his *action*, nature had found an Advocate for his *passion*. What sturdy spirit hath the power to rule his *suffering* thoughts, or curb the head-strong fury of his *Irascible* affections? Or who but fools (that cannot taste an injury) can *moderate* their high-bred *spirits*, and stop their *passion* in her full *cariere*? Let heavy Cynicks, they whose leaden souls are taught by stupid reason to stand *bent* at every wrong, that can digest an *injury* more easily than a complement, that can protest against the Laws of *nature*, and cry all natural *affection* down, let them be *And-irons* for the injurious world to make a *Heat* upon; let them find shoulders to receive the pain-

ful stripes of peevish mortals, and to bear the wrongs of daring insolence; let them be drawn like Calves prepar'd for slaughter, and bow their servile necks to sharp destruction; let them submit their slavish bosoms to be trod and trampled under foot at every ones pleasure. My Eagle-spirit flies a higher pitch, and like ambitious Phaeton climbs into the fiery Chariot, and drawn with Fury, Scorn, Revenge and Honour, tramples through all the spheres, and brings with it confusion and combustion: my reeking Sword shall vindicate my reputation, and rectifie the injuries of my honourable name, and quench it self in the plenteous streams of blood. Come, tell not me of Charity, Conscience, or Transgression. My Charity reflects upon my self, begins at home, and guided by the justice of my passion, is bound to labour for an honourable satisfaction. My Conscience is blood-proof, and I can broach a life with my illustrious weapon, with as little reluctance as kill a Flea that sucks my blood without commission; and I can drink a health in blood upon my bended knee to Reputation.

His Retaliation.

But hark, my soul, I hear a languishing, a dying voice cry up to Heaven for vengeance. It cries aloud, and thunders in my startling ear. I tremble, and my shivering bones are fill'd with horror. It cries against me: and hear what Heaven replies:

All that take up the Sword shall perish by the Sword, Mat. 26. 52.

His Proofs.

Levit. 19. 18.

THou shalt not avenge, or bear any grudge against the Children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thy self: I am the Lord.

Deut. 32. 35.

To me belongeth vengeance and recompence.

Ezek. 25. 12, 13.

Because that Edom hath dealt against the house of Judah, by taking vengeance, and hath greatly offended, and reveng'd himself upon them: Therefore thus saith the Lord God, I will also stretch out mine hand upon Edom, and will cut off man and beast from it.

Mat. 5. 39.

Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.

Tertul.

What's the difference between one that doth an injury, and another that outrageously suffers it, except that the one is first, and the other second in the offence? but both are guilty of mutual injury in the sight of God, who forbids every sin, and condemns the offender.

Idem.

How can we honour God, if we revenge our selves.

Gloss.

Every man is a murtherer, and shall be punished as Cain was, if he do (as Cain did) either assault his brother with violence, or pursue him with hatred.

His Soliloquy.

REVENGE is an Act of the *Iracible* affections, deliberated with *malice*, and executed without *mercy*. How often, O my soul, hast thou cursed thy self in the perfectest of *Prayers*? how often hast thou turned the spiritual *body* of thy Saviour into thy *damnation*? Can the *Sun* rise to thy *comfort*, that hath so often set in thy *wrath*? So long as thy wrath is kindled against thy brother, so long is the *wrath* of God burning against thee. O wouldst thou offer a pleasing *Sacrifice* to Heaven? Go first and be *reconciled* to thy brother. I, but who shall right thy *honour* then? Is thy honour wrong'd? *Forgive*, and it is vindicated. I, but this kind of heart-swelling can brook no *Poultice* but revenge. Take heed, my soul, the *remedy* is worse than the disease. If thy intricate *distemper* transcend thy power, make choice of a *Physician* that can purge that *humour* that fomenteth thy *malady*. Rely upon him; submit thy *will* to his directions: he hath a tender heart, a skilful hand, a watchful eye, that makes thy *welfare* the price of all his *pains*, expecting no reward, no fee, but *praises* and *thanksgiving*.

S. Bernard.

Be humble in asking of pardon, and easie in giving it, and thou wilt be at peace with all the world.

His

His Prayer.

O God thou art the God of *Pèace*, and the lover of *unity* and *concord*, and dost command all those that seek forgiveness, to *forgive*, that hatest the *froward* heart, but shewest mercy to the *meek* in spirit; With what a face can I appear before thy mercy-seat? or with what countenance can I lift up these hands thus stained with my *Brother's blood*? How can my lips that daily breed *revenge* against my *Brother*, presume to own thee as my *Father*, or expect from thee thy blessing as thy *Child*? If thou forgive my *trespasses*, O God, as I forgive my *trespassers*, in what a miserable estate am I, that in my very prayers condemn my self, and do not only limit thy compassion by my *uncharitableness*; but draw thy judgments on my head for my *Rebellion*? That heart, O God, which thou requirest as a holy present, is become a spring of *malice*. These hands which I advance, are ready instruments of base *revenge*. My thoughts that should be sanctified are full of *blood*, and how to compass evil against my *Brother* is my continual meditation. The course of all my life is wilful disobedience, and my whole pleasure, Lord, is to displease thee. My Conscience hath accused me, and the voice of *blood* hath cried against me: But, Lord, the *blood* of *Jesus* cries louder than the *blood* of *Abel*, and thy mercy is far more infinite than

my sin. The *bloud* that was shed by me cries for vengeance, but the *bloud* that was shed for me sues for mercy. Lord, hear the language of this bloud, and by the merits of this voice be reconciled unto me. That time which cannot be recalled, O give me power to redeem, and in the mean time a settled resolution to reform. Suppress the *violence* of my headstrong passion, and establish a *meek* spirit within me. Let the sight of my own vileness take from me the sense of all disgrace, and let the Crown of my reputation be thy honour. Possess my heart with a desire of *unity* and concord, and give me *patience* to endure what my *impenitency* hath deserved. Breath into my soul the spirit of *love*, and direct my affections to their right object: turn all my *anger* against that sin that hath provoked thee, and give me *holy revenge*, that I may exercise it against my self. Grant that I may love thee for thy self, my self in thee, and my neighbour as my self. Assist me, O God, that I may subdue all evil in my self, and suffer patiently all evil as a punishment from thee. Give me a *merciful* heart, O God; make it slow to *wrath*, and ready to *forgive*. Preserve me from the act of evil, that I may be delivered from the fear of evil; that living here in charity with Men, I may receive that sentence of, *Come ye blessed*, in the Kingdom of Glory.

The Secure Man's Triumph.

✠✠✠✠✠ O now, my soul, thy happiness is
✠ S ✠ *entail'd*, and thy illustrious name
✠✠✠✠✠ shall live in thy *succeeding* Generations. Thy dwelling is established in the *fat* of all the land; thou hast what mortal *heart can wish*, and wantest nothing but *immortality*. The *best* of all the land is thine, and thou art planted in the *best* of *Lands*. A land whose *Constitutions* make the *best* of Government, which *Government* is strengthen'd with the *best* of *Laws*, which *Laws* are executed by the *best* of *Princes*; whose *Prince*, whose *Laws*, whose *Government*, whose *Land* makes us the *happiest* of all subjects, makes us the *happiest* of all people. A land of strength, of plenty, and a land of peace; where every soul may sit beneath his *Vine*, unfrighted at the horrid language of the hoarse *Trumpet*, unstartled at the warlike summons of the roaring *Cannon*. A land whose *beauty* hath surpriz'd the ambitious hearts of foreign *Princes*, and taught them by their *martial Oratory* to make their vain attempts. A land whose strength reads vanity in the deceived hopes of *Conquerors*, and crowns their enterprizes with a *shameful overthrow*. A land whose native plenty makes her the worlds *Exchange*, supplying others, able to subsist *without supply* from foreign Kingdoms; in it self *happy*, and abroad *honourable*. A land that hath no *vanity*, but what the sweetest

test of all blessings, *peace* and plenty; that hath no *misery* but what is propagated from that blindness which cannot see her own *felicity*. A land that flows with *Milk* and *Honey*, and in brief wants nothing to deserve the title of a *Paradise*. The *Curb* of *Spain*, the *pride* of *Germany*, the *aid* of *Belgia*, the *scourge* of *France*, the *Empress* of the World, and *Queen* of *Nations*. She is begirt with walls, whose builder was the hand of *Heaven*, whereon there daily rides a *Navy-Royal*, whose unconquerable power proclaims her Prince invincible, and whispers sad despair into the fainting hearts of *foreign* Majesty. She is compact within her self in *unity*, not apt to *civil* discords or *intestine* broils: The *envy* of all Nations, the *ambition* of all Princes, the *terror* of all enemies, the *security* of all neighbouring States. Let timorous *Pulpits* threaten ruine, let prophesying *Church-men* dote, till I believe. How often and how long have these loud *Sons* of *Thunder* false prophesied her desolation? and yet she stands the glory of the World. Can pride demolish the *Towers* that defend her? Can Drunkenness dry up the Sea that walls her? Can flames of Lust dissolve the *Ordnances* that protect her?

His Overthrow.

Be well advis'd, my soul, there is a voice from Heaven roars louder than those *Ordnances*, which saith,

Thus saith the Lord, The whole land shall be desolate, Jer. 4. 27.

His

His Proofs.

Esay 14. 7, &c.

THE whole Earth is at rest and at quiet,
they break forth into singing.

Yea the Fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the Cedars
of Lebanon sing, &c.

Yet shalt thou be brought down to Hell, to the
sides of the Pit.

Jer. 5. 12.

They have belyed the Lord, and said, It is not
he, neither shall evil come upon us, neither
shall we see sword or famine.

1 Cor. 10. 12.

Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

Luke 17. 27.

They did eat and drink, and they married wives,
and were given in marriage, until the flood
came and destroyed them all.

S. August.

Whilst Lot was exercised in suffering reproach
and violence, he continued holy and pure, even
in the filth of Sodom: but in the mount, be-
ing in peace and safety, he was surprized by
sensual security, and defiled himself with his
own daughter.

Greg. Mag.

Our prosperous and happy state is often the occa-
sion of more miserable ruine: a long peace
hath made many men both careless and cow-
ardly; and that's the most fatal blow when
an unexpected enemy surpriseth us in a deep
sleep of peace and security.

His Soliloquy.

Security is an *improvident carelesness*, casting out all fear of approaching danger. It is like a great *calm* at Sea, that foreruns a *storm*. How is this verified, O my sad soul, in this our *bleeding* Nation! Wert thou not till now for many years even nuzzled in the bosom of habitual *peace*? Didst thou foresee this *danger*? or couldst thou have contrived a way to be thus *miserable*? Didst thou not laugh *invasion* to scorn? or didst thou not less fear a *Civil War*? Was not the *Title* of the *Crown* unquestionable? And was not our mix'd *Government* unapt to fall into diseases? Did we want good *Laws*? or did our *Laws* want *execution*? Did not our *Prophets* give *lawful warning*? Or were we moved at the sound of *Judgments*? How hast thou liv'd, O my uncareful soul, to see these *Prophecies* fulfilled, and to behold the *vials* of thy angry God poured forth? Since *Mercies*, O my soul, could not *allure* thee, yet let these *Judgments* now at length *inforce* thee to a true *repentance*. Quench the *Fire-brand* which thou hast kindled; turn thy mirth to right *mourning*, and thy feast of joy to *humiliation*.

Cassian.

There is no better expedient of security, than to commit all our interest to God, who knows how to give good things to them that ask him.

His

His Prayer.

O God by whom Kings reign and Kingdoms flourish, that settest up where none can batter down, and pullest down where none can countermand; I a most humble Suiter at the Throne of Grace, acknowledge my self unworthy of the least of all thy mercies, nay worthy of the greatest of all thy judgments. I have sinned against thee, the Author of my being; I have sinned against my conscience, which thou hast made my accuser; I have sinned against the peace of this Kingdom, whereof thou hast made me a member: If all should do, O God, as I have done, *Sodom* would appear as righteous, and *Gomorrah* would be a precedent to thy wrath upon this sinful Nation. But, Lord, thy *mercy* is *inscrutable*, or else my *misery* were *unspeakable*: for that mercy sake be gracious to me in the free pardoning of all my offences. Blot them out of thy remembrance for his sake in whom thou art well pleased. Make my head a fountain of tears to quench that brand my sins have kindled towards the destruction of this flourishing Kingdom. Bless this Kingdom, O God; establish it in piety, honour, peace and plenty. Forgive all the crying sins, and remove all thy judgments far from her. Bless, bless her Governour, thy Servant, our dread Sovereign. Endue his soul with all religious, civil, and princely virtues. Preserve his royal

al person in health, safety and prosperity; prolong his days in honour, peace or victory, and crown his death with everlasting glory. Bless him in his royal Consort; unite their hearts in love and true Religion. Bless him in his Princely issue: season their youth with the fear of thy name. Direct thy Church in doctrine and in discipline; and let her enemies be converted, or confounded. Purge her of superstition and heresie; and root out from her whatsoever thy hand hath not planted. Bless the Nobility of this Land; endue their hearts with truth, loyalty, and true policy. Bless the Tribe of *Levi* with piety, learning, and humility. Bless the Magistrates of this Kingdom; give them religious and upright hearts, hating covetousness. Bless the Gentry with sincerity, charity and a good conscience. Bless the Commonalty with loyal hearts, painful hands, and plentiful increase. Bless the two great Seminaries of this Kingdom; make them fruitful nurseries both to the Church and Common-wealth. Bless all thy Saints every where, especially those that stood in the gap betwixt this Kingdom and thy judgments; that being all members of that body whereof thou Christ art Head, we may all join in humiliation for our sins, and in the propagation of thy honour here, and be made partakers of thy glory in the Kingdom of glory hereafter.

The Presumptuous Man's Felicity.



I'll bauling Babes of *Bug-bears*,
 to fright them into quietness;
 or terrifie youth with *old wives*
Fables, to keep their wild af-
 fections in awe: such *Toys*
 may work upon their timorous
 apprehensions, when whol-
 some *precepts* fail, and find no audience in
 their youthful ears. Tell not me of Hell, De-
 vils, or damned souls, to enforce me from those
 pleasures which they *nick-name sin*. What tell
 ye me of *Law*? my soul is sensible of *Evange-*
lical precepts without the needless and uncor-
 rected thunder of the *killing Letter*, or the ter-
 rible periphrase of some roaring *Boanerges*,
 the tediousness of whose language still deter-
 mines in *damnation*; wherein I apprehend God
 far more *merciful* than his *Ministers*. 'Tis
 true, I have not lead my life according to the
 Pharisaical *square* of their *opinions*, neither
 have I found judgments according to their *pro-*
phesies; whereby I must conclude that God
 is wonderfully *merciful*, or they wonderfully
mistaken. How often have they thundred
torment against my *voluptuous life*? and yet I
 feel no pain. How bitterly have they threat-
 ned *shame* against the *vaints* of my *vain-glo-*
ry? yet find I *honour*. How fiercely have
 they preach'd *destruction* against my *cruelty*;
 and yet I *live*. What *Plagues* against my
swearing?

swearing? yet not infected. What diseases against my drunkenness? and yet sound. What danger against procrastination? yet how often hath God been found upon the death-bed? What damnation to Hypocrites? yet who more safe? What stripes to the Ignorant? yet who more scot-free? What poverty to the Slothful? yet themselves prosper. What falls to the Proud? yet stand they surest. What curses to the Covetous? yet who richer? What judgments to the Lascivious? yet who more pleasure? What vengeance to the Profane, the Censorious, the Revengeful? yet none live more unsourg'd. Who deeper branded than the Lye-r? yet who more favour'd? Who more threatned than the Presumptuous? yet who less puni(h'd? Thus are we fool'd and kept in awe with the strict fancies of those Pulpit-men, whose opinions have no ground but what they gain from popularity: Thus are we frighted from the liberty of Nature by the politick Chimeras of Religion; whereby we are necessitated to the observing of those Laws, whereof we find a greater necessity of breaking.

His Anathemates.

But stay, my soul, there is a voice that darts into my troubled thoughts, which saith,

Deut. 29.

Because thou hast not kept my Laws, all the curses in this book shall overtake thee, till thou be destroyed.

His

His Proofs.

Deut. 29. 27.

AND the anger of the Lord was kindled against the land, to bring upon it all the curses that are written in this book.

2 Chron. 34. 24.

Thus saith the Lord, Behold I will bring evil upon this place, and upon the inhabitants thereof, even all the curses that are written in the book.

Deut. 28. 15.

But if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and do all his Commandments and his Statutes which I command thee this day, all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee.

Bernard.

It is certain thou must die, and uncertain when, how, or where: seeing death is always at thy heels, thou must (if thou be wise) always be ready to die.

Idem.

To commit a sin, is an humane frailty: to persist in it, is a devilish obstinacy.

Idem.

There are some who hope in the Lord, but yet in vain; because they only smooth and flatter themselves that God is merciful, but repent not of their sin: such confidence is vain and foolish, and leads to destruction.

His

His Soliloquy.

P*Resumption* is a sin, whereby we depend upon God's *mercies* without any warrant from God's word. It is as great a sin, O my soul, to hope for God's mercy without *Repentance*, as to distrust God's mercy upon *Repentance*. In the first, thou wrongest his *Justice*; in the last his *Mercy*. O my presumptuous soul, let not thy *prosperity in sinning* encourage thee to sin; lest climbing *without-warrant* into his mercy, thou fall without mercy into his judgment. Be not deceived; a long *Peace* makes a bloudy *War*, and the abuse of continued mercies makes a sharp judgment. Patience when slighted turns to *fury*, but ill requited starts to *vengeance*. Think not that thy unpunish'd sin is hidden from the Eye of Heaven, or that God's judgments will delay for ever. The stalled Ox that wallows in his plenty, and waxes wanton with ease, is not far from *slaughter*. The *Ephah*, O my desperate Soul, is long a filling, but once being full, the leaden cover must go on, and then it hurries on the wings of the wind. Advise thee then, and whilst the *Lamp* of thy prosperity lasts, provide thee for the *evil day*, which being come, *Repentance* will be out of date, and all thy *Prayers* will find no ear.

Tertul.

A Christian hath no morrow, that is, should put off no duty, until the morrow.

His

His Prayer.

GRACIOUS God, whose Mercy is unsearchable, and whose goodness is unspeakable, I the unthankful object of thy continued favours, and therefore the miserable subject of thy *continual wrath*, humbly present my self-made misery before thy sacred Majesty. Lord, when I look upon the horridness of my sin, shame strikes me dumb, but when I turn mine eye upon the infiniteness of thy Mercy, I am emboldned to pour forth my soul before thee: as in the one finding matter for confusion; so in the other arguments for compassion. Lord, I have *sinned grievously*, but my Saviour hath *satisfied abundantly*; I have trespassed *continually*, but he hath suffered *once for all*. Thou hast numbred my transgressions by the hairs of my head, but his Mercies are innumerable like the Stars of the Sky: My sins in greatness are like the Mountains of the Earth, but his Mercy is greater than the Heavens. O if his Mercy were not greater than my sins, my sins were unpardonable: for his therefore and thy Mercies sake cover my sins, and pardon my transgressions. Make my head a fountain of tears, and accept my contrition, O thou Well-spring of all Mercy. Strengthen my resolution, that for the time to come I may detest all sin. Encrease a holy anger in me, that I may revenge my self upon my self for displeasing so gracious a Father. Fill my heart with a *fear of thy*

thy *judgments*, and sweeten my thoughts with the *meditation* of thy *mercies*. Go forwards, O my God, and perfect thy own work in me, and take the glory of thy own free goodness: furnish my mouth with the praises of thy name, and replenish my tongue with continual thanksgiving. Thou hast promised pardon to those that repent: behold, I repent; Lord, quicken my Repentance. Thou mightest have made me a terrible example of thy justice, and struck me into Hell in the height of my presumption; but thou hast made me capable of thy Mercies, and an object of thy commiseration: for thou art a gracious God, long-suffering, and slow to anger; thy Name is wonderful, and thy Mercies incomprehensible. Thou art only worthy to be praised. Let all the People praise thee, O God, O let all the People praise thee. Let Angels and Archangels praise thee; Let the Congregations of Saints praise thee; Let thy works praise thee; Let every thing that breaths praise thee for ever and ever. *Amen.*

- Psal. 50. 21.

These things hast thou done and I kept silence; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thy self: but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes.

The End of the First Part.

BARNABAS:

OR THE

Compassionate *SAMARITAN*,

Pouring *Oil* into Wounded

SPIRITS.

The Second Part.

BY

FRA. QUARLES.

The Tenth Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. L. for L. Meredith, at the
Angel in Amen-Corner, 1690.

22nd Nov 1881

Dear Sir

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th inst.

in relation to the above mentioned matter.

I am sorry to hear that you are not satisfied with the result.

I have endeavored to do the best I could.

Yours truly

J. H. [Signature]

Enclosed find the same as before.

Very respectfully

J. H. [Signature]

Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Souls.

PART II.

The weary Man's Burthen.



OD, who in himself is the fulness and perfection of all glory, who needed no tongue to praise it, no pen to express it, no work to magnifie it, created a World for his own pleasure, furnished it of his own goodness, made *Man* out of his own meer motion, appointed him his *Lieutenant* here upon Earth, and as a *witness* and an *instrument* of his Glory, the sole *end* of his *Creation*: But *Man* grew proud, transgressed against his first *Commandment* and fell, and by his *fall* destroyed his then unborn *posterity*. *Sin* entred the world, and *death* by sin: and I poor miserable *Creature*, born in sin, have turned his glory to *dishonour*, my due obedience to *Rebellion*, and my happiness into eternal *death*. How intolerable is the *burthen* of this sin! How insufferable is the *weight* of my *offences*! If I but *think* of *Heaven*, it clogs my *contemplations*. If I but *pray* to *Heaven*, it presses down my *devotion*. I have lost the
favour

favour of my God, I have frustrated the *end* of my creation, I have broke the peace of my *conscience*, I have clip'd the wings of my *faith*, I have dash'd the comfort of my *hopes*. Good Angels have forsaken me, my *Conscience* hath accused me, God's *Prophets* have condemned me, and *Hell* gapes for me. What shall I do? Or whither shall I fly? Shall I seek to *Angels*? Alas, I have turned them away displeased: They will not hear me, or if they would, they cannot help me. Shall I fly to my own *Conscience*? alas! that will fly on me. Shall I trust on my own *merits*? alas! they are false *lights*, and will light me to my own ruine. Or shall I take the wings of the Morning, and fly to the utmost parts of the Earth? alas! my sins will follow me, my sins will *haunt* me wheresoever I go. Poor miserable Man that I am, who shall deliver me from this burthen? Poor miserable Man that I am, who shall release me from this Bondage! Is there no *comfort* for a poor distressed *Soul*? Is there no *ease* for a poor disconsolate *Sinner*? Is there no *balsam* for a wounded *Heart*? no *refuge* for a guilty *Penitent*?

His Rest.

O my Soul, why art thou so sad? and why is thy spirit so disquieted within thee? Put thy trust in God, who hath said,

Matth. 11. 28.

Come unto me all you that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

His

His Proofs.

Jer. 6. 16.

THus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the old ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.

Isa. 51. 11.

The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Sion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: They shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall fly away.

Matth. 11. 29.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall have rest unto your souls.

Hieron. in Epist.

Dost thou fear poverty? Christ calls the poor man blessed: Art thou afraid of labour? pains are the parents of a Crown: Art thou hungry? Faith fears no famine. God, the Generalissimo of the world, with his Militia of Angels beholds thy Combate, and prepares for thy laborious victory a crown of everlasting rest.

Aug. de Virgin.

Sow thy heart with divers seeds, with Fasting, Prayer, Reading, Alms, that the end of thy labour may be the harvest of thy rest.

His

His Soliloquy.

TRue, my Soul, if thou shouldst only cast an eye upon the *letter* of the *Law*, that *letter* would soon cast thee and condemn thee; or if thy only object were the base *corruptions* of thy sinful *heart*, that were sufficient cause to justify that condemnation; or hadst thou nothing else to trust to but thine own *abilities*, thy case were too too miserable for expression; or shouldst thou seriously consider that glorious *Majesty* thou hast *offended*, there were no hopes for consolation: But, O my soul, there is a *Gospel* to mitigate the rigour of that *letter*; there is a *Chancery* to moderate the severity of that *Law*; there is a *Saviour* to moderate betwixt that *God* and thy *Offences*. Art thou in *bondage*? O my soul, here is *freedom*. Art thou *dejected*? here is *comfort*. Art thou *pursued*? here is a *refuge*. Art thou *overburthened*? here is *rest*. Art thou *condemned*? here is a *pardon*. Appeal therefore from the Throne of *Justice* to the Seat of *Mercy*; from the *justice* of *Jehovah* to the *mercy* of thy *Jesus*: *deny* thy self, and he will *own* thee; *empty* thy self, and he will *fill* thee: Let not thy *sins* affright thee, he hath *satisfied*: Let not *Hell* dismay thee, he hath *suffered*: Let not the *first death* trouble thee, he hath *sweetned* it: Let not the *second death* terrifie thee, he hath *conquered* it. Fear not to *come* to him, for he hath *called* thee: Fear not to *pray* to him, for he will hear thee.

mediate His

His Prayer.

O God, whose perfect glory needed not the help of *Man*, yet madest him for thy *Glory*, wherein consisted his eternal *Happiness*; I a poor son of *Adam*, fallen by his *Sin*, and wallowing in my own *corruptions*, lie prostrate here before the foot-stool of thy *Mercy-seat*, acknowledging my grievous *Sins*, and humbly begging *pardon* for my manifold *transgressions*. How infinite is thy *Mercy*, O God, that hast not spared thy only *Son*, but made his precious *Bloud* a Ransom to redeem me from the jaws of *Death*! I have made my self a great *Delinquent*, and thou hast appointed *Him* my gracious *Advocate*: I have made my self a *Sinner*, and he hath given himself to be my *Saviour*. To thee therefore, O my blessed *Jesus*, whose *Death* is my *deliverance*, I fly: Before thee (who art more *merciful* than I am *miserable*) I fall. Thy *Mercies* have invited me, thy *Merits* have emboldened me, to present my *groans* before thy gracious *Ears*, and to lay my *Burthen* upon thy dying *Shoulders*. O Lamb of God which takest away the *Sins* of the *World*, have mercy upon me. O Lamb of God that takest away the *Burthen* of my sins, have mercy upon me: and grant me thy *Rest*. O thou that tookest my *flesh* upon thee, grant me thy *Spirit*. Sanctifie my *thoughts*; Be merciful to my *sin*; Be gracious unto my *Prayers*. Let the *Intercession* of thy

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thy *merits* restore me to the *favour* of my God. Let the *freeness* of thy *mercy* release me from the *burthen* of my *Conscience*. Wean me from my self: *Direct* me in thy *ways*. Be thou my *Rest*: Be thou my *Refuge*. Fix thou my *wavering Faith*: Recall my *wandring Hopes*. Give thy *Angels* charge over me, whom I have so often sent *grieved away*. *Establish* me with a *free Spirit*, and *restore* me to the *joy* of thy *Salvation*. Let that *power* that calls me, enable me to come; and let my coming be rewarded in thy *Promise*. Let thy *Word* comfort me, let thy *Truth* conduct me, and let thy *Spirit* counsel me; that being relieved by the bounty of thy *Grace*, released from the *Burthen* of my sins, and redeemed by the virtue of thy *Bloud*, I may come to thee with the *Confidence* of a Son, and be received of thee in the *Compassion* of a Father, and after this life of *Grace*, live with thee in thy *Kingdom of Glory*.

S. Aug.

Christ is the way, the truth, and the life: the way, wherein thou shouldst go; the truth, whither thou wouldst arrive; the life, which thou wouldst enjoy.

Heb. 2. 18.

For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.

The

The Sinner's Sentence.



The *miserable* condition of *Mankind*! What loads of self-made *miser* are fallen upon the *sons of men*! Man that had once a power *not to fall*, hath not now the will to stand; and being fallen by his ambitious *will*, hath lost the power to rise. He was created *good*; but not content with such a goodness, grew covetous to encrease it by the knowledge of that which (being known) deprived him of that goodness. *Evil* he desired to know; and not knowing the misery of that knowledge, by that knowledge became miserable. That God, the sweetness of whose presence was the *perfection* of Man's *felicity*, he rebelliously declined; and being the *Favourite* of Heaven, made himself a *fire-brand* of Hell: and I, his miserable child, am made more miserable by my *own offences*. What *mercy* can I expect from this just God, whose *justice* I have so oft offended? What *judgment* may I now suspect from that merciful God whose *mercy* I have so oft abused? Is not the practice of my life, *Sin*? Are not the wages of my sin, *Death*? If *one sin* destroyed a *world* of men, shall not a *world of sins* destroy one man? I that have not feared to provoke his *Justice*, am now afraid to think him *just*. I that have slighted his *mercy*,

have now no warrant to hope him *merciful*. He that *made* the eye, can he chuse but *see*? He that sees all things, beholds he not my *sin*? Can he behold my sin, and not *punish*? Can he punish, and I not be *conformed*? What am I poor dust and ashes to stand before so great an enemy? Did he not create me for his service, and shall not his hand destroy me for my *Rebellion*? What *Advocate* shall plead my cause? What *Sanctuary* shall secure me? Shall that *Blond* save me which I have spilt? Will that Judge quit me which I have crucified? Shall I present my prayers to Heaven? Alas! my very prayers will return like *Thunderbolts* upon my head. Shall I lay my sins before the eye of Heaven? Alas! I dare not, lest they draw down vengeance into my bosom.

His Sanctuary.

Be not afraid, my soul, God's mercy far transcends thy misery. Cheer up; where *sin* abounds there *grace* abounds much more. O now, my soul, depart in *peace*, for thine eyes shall see thy *salvation*. Open thine ears and hear what the Spirit saith.

John 11. 26.

He that believeth in me shall never die.

His Proofs.

Rom. 1. 17.

THE just shall live by Faith.

John 3. 16.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Acts 16. 31.

Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy household.

John 5. 24.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.

Chrysost.

The faith of the true Catholick Religion is the light of the soul, and the gate of life, and the foundation of eternal happiness.

Cassiod.

Man enjoys all things in himself that enjoys himself; but he only enjoys himself that enjoys his God; and he alone enjoys his God that believes in him.

August.

No greater treasure than the true Catholick faith: It gives to the blind light, to the sick health, to sinners Repentance, to the penitent salvation.

His Soliloquy.

BUT is thy *miser*y, O my soul, greater than his *mercy*? 'Tis true, the practice of thy life is *sin*, but the practice of his Mercy is *pardon*: The wages of thy sin is *death*, but the merits of his death is *life*. Art thou afraid to think the God of Vengeance *just*? and wilt thou mayst, if thou deny the God of Mercy to be *merciful*. Old *Adam* hath run thee in *debt*, and young *Adam* hath paid the *score*, and wilt thou not acknowledge it? O my distrustful soul, darken not the Sun-shine of his power with the clouds of thy *infidelity*; Eclipse not the illustrious body of his Mercy with the interposition of thy *despair*. Think not thy great *Creator* is thine enemy, when thy gracious *Redeemer* is thy friend. Hast thou sinned against thy *Creation*? thou art absolved by thy *Redemption*. Art thou penitent for thy rebellion? thy peace is made by thy *Redeemer*. But thou hast shed thy Saviour's *Bloud*: Take comfort, that very blood which thou hast spilt will *save* thee. But thou hast crucified the Lord of glory: The Lord of glory, whom thou hast crucified, hath crucified thy *sins*. Fear not then, my soul, to fly to such a *Friend*, whose arms are open to *embrace* thee, whose eyes are open to *behold* thee, whose lips are open to *plead* for thee, whose wounds are open to ease thy *pains*, whose ears are open to hear thy *prayers*.

His Prayer.

O God, that madest all things to serve Man, that Man might the more chearfully serve thee, that gavest him power to continue in that perfect state thou madest him, and a will to use that power to thy glory and his own comfort; I the *unhappy* son of my unhappy parents, made *more unhappy* by my own transgressions, do here in all humility and contrition acknowledge my self the *miserable subject* of thy utter *wrath*. Lord, I have lost the power to do what thou commandest, and am only left to suffer what thy displeasure shall lay upon me. But yet, O God, thy mercy is no less infinite than thy justice, and far more infinite than my sins, and thou hast promised life to all believers. Give therefore dust and ashes leave, O Lord, to claim this gracious *Promise*; and what thou hast commanded to be done, O give me power to do. Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified. Look not upon thy servant, O God, but through the Blood of thy *Son*; and let the *merits* of a *Saviour* out-cry the *demerits* of a *Sinner*. Remember not what I a sinner have *done*, but call to thy remembrance what he my Saviour hath *suffered*. O let his bloody sweat anoint my bleeding wounds, and accept his *Death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord, I am sick, I fly to him as my *Physician*;

I am a trespasser, I fly to him my *Advocate*;
 I am a suiter, I fly to him my *Mediator*; I
 am a delinquent, I fly to him my *Sanctuary*;
 I am a sinner, I fly to him my *Saviour*. Let
 the shamefulnes of his *death* expiate the sin-
 fulnes of my *life*; and let the willingness of
 his *Obedience* satisfie for the wilfulness of my
Rebellion. Let my sins, that cry louder than
 the sins of *Cain*, be wash'd in *his bloud*, which
 speaks better things than the bloud of *Abel*.
 Remember thy *Promises* to those that believe.
 Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.
 Quicken my soul with *faith*, inflame my af-
 fections with *love*, and fill my mouth with
prayers: that knowing him, I may believe in
 him; and believing in him I may love him;
 and loving him, I may praise him with *Ho-*
sannahs here in the Church militant, and
Hallelujahs hereafter in the Church Trium-
 phant.

Boeth.

*There lies on us a great necessity of doing well,
 since we do all things under the eyes of that
 Judge that sees all.*

The

The Poor Man's Want.



OD that created all things for man's use, created man for his service, who by the accommodation of all the *Creatures* might be enabled the better to do service to his *Creator*. But when the proud disloyalty of man *rebelled*, the *Creature*, that knew not how to serve man on such conditions, returned to his first *Creator*, to be a-new disposed of by him according to his pleasure. How dare I then presume to expect from his hands what I have disinherited my self of by my *Rebellion*? Or how can I a *dog* claim any interest in the *Childrens bread*? How dare I a *sinner* intrude into the *portion* of the *righteous*? And if the *righteous* only shall inherit the *Land*, in what quarter lies mine inheritance; If *blessings* be the proper dues of *sons*, what is due to me the greatest of all *sinners*? I am no *Son*, and therefore no *Heir*; insomuch that what I possess I enjoy not by *right*, but *usurpation*. What have I that I can call mine own? Or wherein can my *title* prove a *right*? I am wretched, for I am a *sinner*? I am poor, for I want the thing I have; I am blind, for I cannot see my wants; I am naked, for I cannot hide my shame. I can challenge nothing but my sin, my sorrow, my punishment, my shame. I can see nothing but that I am

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wretched

wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked. I can expect nothing but what I first must receive. I can receive nothing but what must first be given. Nothing can be given but by *Prayer*. *Prayer* hath no vertue but by *Faith*; and whatsoever is not of faith is *sin*. How then shall I supply this *emptiness*? By what means shall I relieve my *wants*? By what art shall I clear this *blindness*? What cloths shall hide my *nakedness*? If I pray for what I want, I fear I shall not want what I deserve. I am a *Prodigal*, and have spent my *talent*; I have divorced my presence from my angry *Father*; I am not worthy to be called his *Son*, and he too worthy to be called my *Father*; I have forsaken my God, and his *blessings* have forsaken me; I that have banish'd my self from my *Father's* bounteous table, am now martial'd among *swine*.

His Supply.

Return, return thee, O my soul, into thy Father's arms; Confess thy wants, and his mercy will relieve thee, who saith,

John 16. 23.

Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he shall give it unto you.

His

His Proofs.

1 John 5. 14, 15.

AND this is the confidence we have in him: If we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us. If we know he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know we have the petitions we desire of him.

John 14. 13, 14.

Whatsoever ye ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

Mat. 7. 7.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.

Psal. 21. 4.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.

Isidor.

He that obeys not the Law of God, obtains not the thing he desires of God; but if we faithfully perform what he commands, we shall doubtless receive what we desire.

Ambr.

We have all things in Christ, and Christ is all things in us. If we are sick, he is a Physician; if we fear death, he is life; if in darkness, he is light; if in want, he is abundance; if hungry, he is food; if thirsty, he is drink; if miserable, he is mercy; if covetous of Heaven, he is the way.

His

His Soliloquy.

IF thy own Righteousness only interest thee in Heaven, or hadst thou no better title to the blessing of earth than from thy self, how vain were the *merits* of a *Saviour*; and how poor were the *estate* of a *Sinner*? But having no righteousness but in *him*, thou hast no interest in any blessing but by *him*. Art thou poor in estate, O my soul? find him, and thou art *rich*. Art thou wretched? seek him, and thou hast *happiness*. Blinded with error? seek him, and thou art enlightned with *truth*. Naked? find him, and thou shalt be cloathed with *Robes*. Challenge nothing but thy *sin*, and thou shalt enjoy all things by thy *Repentance*. Be sensible of thy *misery*, and thou art capable of his *mercy*. Hast thou wasted thy portion with the Prodigal? return to thy *Father* like the Prodigal. Acknowledge thy own *unworthiness*, and thy Father's *indulgence* will embrace thee. Let not the sins of thy own *wretchedness* discourage thee, nor the fear of his *displeasure* dishearten thee. Can an earthly Mother forget her *child*? and canst thou distrust the mercies of a heavenly *Father*? Go then, my soul, fly into his bosom by *contrition*, groan thy sorrows in his ear by penitent *confession*. He that hath called thee, will *accept* thee: He that hath commanded thee to pray, will hear thy *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

O God, that art the Creator and giver of all good things, by which we are either made the more serviceable to thee, or the more inexcusable in neglecting thy service; I a poor off-cast among the sons of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigal*, have mispent thy precious blessing, do here return from *bushes* and *Harlots*, and the lewd *concupiscence* of my affections, to thee my gracious God, to thee, O my offended Father. I have usurped thy favours, intruded into thy blessings, and like a *Dog* devour'd the Childrens bread. O God, my wants are great; nay, what I have, I want, in wanting thee, that art all goodness, *All in All*. But yet thy gracious promise hath invited me to call on thee in my necessities. Be it therefore, O God, according to thy Word. Thy Word is *Truth*; thy Truth is everlasting. Lord, as thou hast made me sensible of my wants, so make me capable of thy relief. Remove my *wretchedness* by thy *Mercy*; Relieve my *poverty* by thy all-sufficient *Grace*; Recover my *blindness* by thy *Light*; Cover my *nakedness* with thy *Robe*. Be thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy *Laws* be mine *inheritance*. Hear the needy when he calls upon thee, and help the poor that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my trust even from my Mother's Womb. Make me sufficient for thy Grace, and thy Grace shall be sufficient for
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for me. Provoke in my soul a thirst after righteousness, that I may take and drink the Cup of thy salvation. Teach me to *ask* according to thy *pleasure*, and grant my requests according to thy *promise*. Strengthen my Faith in all my *Supplications*, and give me *patience* to expect thy leisure. What I possess, O God, let me enjoy in Thee, and *Thee* in it. Relieve my necessities according to thy will, and let thy pleasure limit my desires. In my *prosperity* let me not forget thee, and in my *adversity* let me not forsake thee. With *Jacob's* wealth, Lord, give me *Jacob's* blessing; with *Lazarus's* want, O give me *Lazarus's* reward. Both in want and wealth give me a *contented mind*: both in prosperity and adversity give me a *thankful heart*. Lord, hear my Prayer for thy mercies sake, for my miseries sake, for thy promise sake, for my Jesus sake, to whom be glory and praise for ever and ever.

S. August.

Thy gold cannot do to thee office of silver, thy mine cannot be thy bread, nor the light cool thy thirst; but thy God can be all things to thee.

Matth. 6. 33.

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

The

The Forgetful Man's Complaint.

VE are God's husbandry : our hearts are the soil, whereof some is more fruitful, some more barren, and both unprofitable ; his *holy Word* is the seed, which sometimes falls upon a *lean ground*, sometimes upon a *stony*, sometimes upon a *good ground* ; the *cares* of the *world* are like *thorns* that spring up and choke it ; *Persecutions*, like a *soultrey summer*, scorch it ; the *lusts* of the *flesh*, like the *fowls* of the *air*, which wait upon the *Plough*, and licens'd by the *Prince of the air*, devour it. How many disadvantages, O God, attend upon thy husbandry ? how many losses lessen thy increase ? how many accidents make thy soil unfruitful, and thy Harvest easie and unprofitable ? To what purpose do I Till my land ? To what advantage do I stir my fallows ? I have no sooner sowed my willing ground, but the seed is stoln away. I bring into the *Sanctuary* a *prepared heart* ; I hear *glad tidings* with a *cheerful ear*, and then repose them in a *joyful breast* : But when I look into my *hopeful Magazine*, behold there's nothing there but *empriness* and *vainety*. The joys of what I *gained* were swallowed with the grief of what I *lost*. No sooner had I set my portals open to let in the *King of glory*, but lo, the slightness of my *entertainment* turn'd him

him out again. I hid my *Saviour* in the Sepulchre of my soul, and they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him: my Beloved withdrew himself, and is gone, and I have sought him, but I could not find him. O treacherous *Memory*! how hast thou betrayed my *rest*? how hast thou lost the balsam of thy Soul? How art thou heedless in preserving what my poor soul was so earnest in pursuing? How canst thou chuse but feel the stroke of death, having thus lost the Word of *life*? What shall now comfort thee in thy *Afflictions*? O what shall strengthen thee in thy *Temptations*? or what shall wind up the plummetts of thy soul in *Desperation*?

His Consolation.

Chear up, my soul: the *Pearl* which thou hast lost is hidden in thy *field*, and time shall bring it forth; when sharp *Afflictions* shall plough up the fallows of thy heart, this Pearl shall then appear and comfort thee. Turn and read what the Spirit saith:

John 14. 26.

The holy Spirit shall bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.

His Proofs.

John 15. 26.

When the Comforter shall come, whom I will send from the Father, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testifie of me.

1 John 2. 27.

The anointing which ye have received of him abides in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lye: and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

Greg. in Moral.

After what manner works the holy Spirit in us? It instructs, it moves, it admonishes; it instructs the Reason, it moves the Will, it admonishes the Memory.

Bede

There is no dulness where the holy Spirit is Teacher, no forgetfulness where the holy Spirit is Remembrancer.

Gregor.

The holy Spirit is an antidote against seven poisons: It is wisdom against folly, quickness of apprehension against dulness, faithfulness of memory against forgetfulness, fortitude against fear, knowledge against ignorance, piety against profaneness, humility against pride.

His

His Soliloquy.

THE strongest City (when force without and treachery within assails it) must yield; and canst thou expect, O my soul, to be impregnable? Hast thou the *Devil* and the *World* without thee, and so many Regiments of *lusts* within thee, yet thinkest thou to sustain no loss? Art thou so unexperienced in the Christian war, to think thy *Magazine* safe upon so strong a siege? Thou storest thy heart with plenty of the *bread of life*, and canst thou hope to keep it from the ravenous hand of thy own *corruptions*? Thou sowest thy ground with liberal seed, and thinkest thou that the Fowls of the Air (being *Lucifer's* own Regiment) will not *rob* thee of a share? Thou fillest thy *Treasury* with summs of wealth, and canst thou hope the Troops within thee will not *plunder* thee? Vex not thy self, my soul; what's taken from thee with too strong an arm, shall be no loss to thee. Consent not, but continue loyal, and thy *compulsions* shall never wrong thee. If thy domestick *Rebels* sequester thy whole estate, thy loyalty shall preserve thee. Chear thee, O then, my soul: the *Comforter* will come, and then thy *Faith* shall be repay'd, thy wrongs shall be repair'd; till then, thy *sufferings* shall be remembered, and then thy *Petitions* shall be regarded.

His

His Prayer.

O God, without whose special blessing and success *Paul* plants in vain, and *Apollo* waters to no purpose; that with the influence of thy holy *Spirit* enrichest all those hearts from whom thy patience shall expect increase; I, the worst piece of all thy Husbandry, do here acknowledge and confess my own barrenness, as most unworthy of thy pains. Lord, thou hast often plowed my heart with trials and afflictions, manured it with the presence of thy heavenly Grace, and sowed it with thy pure Seed; yet such is the base condition of my unfruitful heart, that either the coldness of the soil starves it, or the cares of the World choke it, or the malice of the Devil robs it, that it cannot bring forth increase worthy of thy pains or expectation. Lord, I am thy husbandry, continue thy careful hand upon me, and supply my weakness with thy strength, and make me fruitful for thy glory. And thou, O God, that hast given thy word for a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my paths, so open mine eyes, that I may behold the frailty of my flesh; so clear my sight, that I may avoid the vanities of the World and the snares of Satan, Be thou my skreen to preserve this Lamp: Be thou my Lanthorn to protect this Light, that the corruptions of my flesh may not obscure it, that the vanities of the World may not eclipse it, that the suggestions of

of *Satan* may not consume it. Unlock mine ears, that I may hear what thou commandest. Lock thou my memory, that I may retain what I hear. Enlarge my heart, that I may practise what I retain : and open thou my *lips*, that I may praise thee in my practice. Consider, O God, how I love thy *Precepts*, and quicken me according to thy loving kindness. Hide thy *Word* in my heart, that my ways may be directed to keep thy *Statutes*. Remember thy word to thy servant upon which thou hast caused me to hope. Behold I am weak, be thou my helper : Behold I am comfortless, be thou my comforter. Restrain his malice that steals thy word from out thy ground, that when the time cometh, thy *Harvest* may be fruitful, and I thy servant being found faithful may enter into my Master's Joy, and be received into eternal Glory.

S. Hieron.

We are all careful about small matters, and negligent in the greatest ; of which this is the reason, We know not where true felicity is.

The

The Widow's Distress.

O vain, so momentary are the pleasures of this World, so transitory is the happiness of Mankind, that what with the *expectation* that goes before it, the *cares* that go with it, and the *griefs* that follow it, we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, than miserable in the enjoying it. The greatest of all worldly joys, are but bubbles full of air, that break with the fulness of their own vanity; and but at best like *Jonah's* Gourd, which please us while they last, and vex us in the loss. Past and future happiness are the miseries of the time present; and present happiness is but the passage to approaching misery; which being transitory, and meeting with a transitory *possessor*, perish in the very using. What was mine yesterday in the blessedness of a full fruition, to day hath nothing left of it but a sad remembrance it was mine. The more I call to mind the joys I had, the more sensible I am of the misery I have. My *Sun* is set, my glory is darkened, and not one stars appears in the *Firmament* of my little world. He from whose loins I came, is taken from me: He to whose bosom I returned, is taken from me. My blessing in the one, my comforts in the other, are taken from me:
And

And what is left to me but a poor third part of my self to bewail the loss of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Child*, am now known by the off-cast title of an *Orphan*. I that was respected by the honourable title of a *Wife*, am now rejected by the despicable name of a *Widow*. I that flourish'd like a fruitful Vine upon the house top, am now neglected and troden under foot. He that like a strong wall supported my tender *Branches* is fallen, and left my *Clusters* to the spoil of a ravenous swine. The Spring-tides of my Plenty are spent, and I am gravelled on low ebbs of all wants. The *Sonnets* of my mirth are turned to Elegies of mourning. My *Glory* is put out, and my honour grovels in the dust. I call to my friends, and they neglect me: I spread forth my hands, and there is none to help me. My beauty is departed from me, and all my joys are swallowed up.

Her Relief.

But stay, my soul, plunge not too far: shall not he take that gave? cannot he that took restore? The Lord is thy portion, who saith,

Psal. 68. 5.

I will be an Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless.

Her

Her Proofs.

Exod. 22. 22, 23, 24.

YE shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child.

If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry:

And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.

Mal. 3. 5.

I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the widow and the fatherless.

James 1. 27.

Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction.

August.

God is all things to thee. Art thou hungry? he is bread: Art thou thirsty? he is water: Art thou in darkness? he is light: Art thou naked? he is a Robe of eternity: Art thou a Widow? he is thy Husband: Art thou an Orphan? he is thy Father.

Idem.

Whatsoever is not God is not desirable. Whatsoever my God bestows upon me, let him deprive me of, so as he leave himself: Let him take away his gift, so he give me the giver.

Fler

Her Soliloquy.

HOW hath the *Sun-shine* of truth discovered what appeared not by the *Candle-light* of Nature! How many *Atoms* in thy soul hath this light descried, which in thy natural *Twilight* were not visible! Excessive sadness for so great a *loss* can want no Arguments from *flesh* and *blood*, which Arguments can want no weight, if weigh'd in the partial *balance* of Nature. A Husband is thy self *divided*; thy Children thy self *multiplied*: for whom (when snatch'd away) God allows some *grains* to thy affections; but when they exceed the allowance, they will not pass in *Heaven's* account, but must be coin'd again. Couldst thou so often offend thy God without a tear? and cannot he, my soul, displease thee once without so many? Doth the want of spiritual *graces* not trouble thee? and shall a *temporal loss* so much torment thee? Is thy Husband taken away, and art thou cast down? Hath thy God promised to be thy Husband, and art thou not *comforted*? True symptoms of more *flesh* than *spirit*. Thy Husband was the *gift*, thy God the *giver*; and wilt thou more disprize the *giver* than the *gift*? Be wise, my soul: if thou hast lost a *Man*, thou hast found a *God*: having therefore wet thy wings in nature's *shower*, go and dry them in the God of Nature's *Sun-shine*.

Her Prayer.

O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand *pleasures* are evermore; that makest the *Comforts* of this life momentary, that we may not over-prize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them; I a late *sharer* in this worldly happiness, but a sad *witness* of its vanity, do here address my self to thee to the only *crown* of all my joys, in whom there is no *variableness*, nor shadow of *change*. Lord, thou didst give me what my unthankfulness hath taken from me, but thou hast taken from me what thy goodness hath promised to supply. Thou hast given and then hast taken, blessed be thy name for ever. Thou then, O God, who art not less able to perform than willing to promise, whose mercy is more ready to bestow than my misery is to beg, strengthen my *faith*, that I may believe thy *promise*; encourage *hopes*, that I may expect thy *performance*; quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou *all in all* to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy mercy, and lighten my darkness with the *Sun* of thy *glory*. Seal in my heart the assurance of adoption; that I may with boldness call thee my Father. Sanctifie my affections with the Spirit of *meekness*, that my conversation may testify that I

H

am

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am thy child. Wean my heart from worldly sorrow, lest I mourn like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegroom, and let our marriage chamber be my heart. Own me as thy Bride, and purifie me with the odours of thy Spirit. Prevent me with thy blessings; Protect me by thy Grace; Preserve me for thy self; Prepare me for thy Kingdom. Be thou a Father to bless me; Be thou a Husband to comfort me. In the midst of my want, be thou my plenty: In the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raise my glory from the dust, and then my dust shall shew forth thy praise. Be thou a wall to support my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee: let them flourish in the Sun-shine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy Name.


Chryl.

Nothing is more rich than he that undergoes a willing poverty, and bears it with a religious chearfulness.

S. Basil.

Before we do any thing else, be we careful to consecrate the first-fruits of the day, and the very beginnings of our holy thoughts unto the service of God.

The

The Afflicted Man's Trouble.


High way, soever I turn mine eyes, I see nothing but spectacles of *miser*y, and emblems of *mortal*ity. If I look up, there I behold an *angry* God, and I am troubled; Look down-wards, there I see a prepared *Hell*, and I am terrified. Look on my right hand, and there prosperity emboldens me to a *secure* presumption: Look on my left hand, and there adversity enforces me to a sad despair. Look about me and there I find legions of *temptations* beleaguering me: Look within me, and there I see a guilty *Conscience* accusing me. In all which I perceive nothing but *miser*y, nothing but *man*; and in that misery, that *periphrase* of Man, Man that is born of a Woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not Man's time short, Man were the miserablest of all creatures, and I the miserablest of all Men. I am still haunted with three Enemies, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*. The *World* troubles me with her *cares*; the *Flesh* troubles me with *infirmities*; the *Devil* troubles me with *temptations*. If I am rich, I am troubled with *fears*, to lose; if poor, I am troubled with *care*, to get; if single, troubled to seek a wife; if married, troubled to please a wife; If I have children, every child is a new trouble;

if childless, I am as much troubled for an heir: If sick, troubled with *distempers* and *drugs*; if sound, troubled with *lust* or *labour*; if in my business, troubled with *vexation*; if in my devotion, troubled with *distraction*. Man that is born of a Woman hath but a short time, and is full of trouble. Where shall I turn me to avoid this *toil*? What shall I tread to escape this trouble? Shall I incline my heart to *mirth*? Mirth is therefore trouble. Shall I quicken my spirits with plenteous *wine*? In much wine is much distraction, therefore trouble. Or shall my wiser heart search out the bounds of *knowledge*? In much wisdom is much grief; and who encreaseth knowledge encreaseth trouble. Whom shall I call to aid? To whom shall I address my sad complaints? Call to my *kindred*, they disclaim me: Call to my *friends*, and they deride me. O that I had the wings of a Dove, that I might fly away and be at rest. But whither wouldst thou fly?

His Deliverance.

Fly from thy self, my soul, and haste thee to that voice that says,

Psal. 50. 15.

Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will bear thee.

His Proofs.

Psal. 41. 15.

HE shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him.

Psal. 54. 7.

He hath delivered me out of all my troubles, and mine eyes have seen their desire upon mine enemies.

2 Cor. 1. 4.

He comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by the comfort whereby we our selves are comforted of God.

Psal. 81. 7.

Thou calledst to me in trouble, and I delivered thee: I answered thee in the secret place of thunder.

Greg. Mag.

It is the work and providence of God's secret counsel, that the days of the Elect should be troubled in their pilgrimage. This present life is the way to our long home: God therefore in his secret wisdom afflicts our travel with continual trouble, lest the delight of our journey might take away the desire of our journey's end.

Bernard.

This life is replenish'd with so many evils, that death is rather a remedy than a punishment: God therefore hath made it short, that seeing the troubles thereof cannot be removed from us, we may the sooner be removed from them.

His Soliloquy.

BE wise my Soul, and what thou canst not
 remedy, *endure*. Doth the *World* trouble
 thee? Cling close to him that hath overcome
 the World. Doth the *Flesh* trouble thee?
 Mortifie the flesh in thy Members. Doth the
Devil trouble thee? Resist the Devil; and he
 will flee from thee. Art thou troubled with
 cares in thy *Abundance*? Be not too careful
 for to *morrow*. Art thou troubled with wants
 in thy *Adversity*? Be contented with the bread
 of to *day*. Doth *Sickness* trouble thee? Make
 use of it, and submit. Doth strength of consti-
 tution trouble thee with *Concupiscence*? *Fest*
 and *Pray*. In thy vocation art thou troubled
 with vexation? Let those vexations wean thee
 from the World. Is thy devotion troubled with
Distractions? Let those distractions bring thee
 closer to thy God. Do *Lasses* trouble thee?
 Make *Godliness* thy gain. Do *Crosses* trouble
 thee? Make the *Cross* thy Meditation. Thus
 whilst thou strugglest against the *swarm* of Na-
 ture, thou shalt be carried with a gale of Grace;
 and when thy strength shall fail thee, a strong-
 er arm shall strengthen thee. He that brings
 thee on with courage, will fetch thee off with
 conquest. Do what thou canst; and pray for
 what thou canst not.

His Prayer.

O God, that art the searcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquity, the comforter of all true penitents, whose ways are inscrutable, whose judgments are intolerable, whose mercy is incomprehensible; I thy *afflicted* suppliant, sensible of thy displeasure, bewail the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my own Conscience and thy *fatherly corrections*: which way soever I look I see nothing but sin and death, nothing but misery. But, Lord, so infinite is thy Mercy above my sin, and so little pleasure takest thou in the destruction of a sinner, that thou hast commanded me to call upon thee in my *trouble*, and hast promised to hear me. In due obedience therefore to thy sweet Command, and in firm confidence of thy gracious Promise, my bended Knees, O God, present thee with a broken Heart. Thy sacrifices, O God, are a contrite spirit; a broken heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise. Lord, I am weak, strengthen me with thy Grace; Mine enemies are strong, weaken them with thy power; Suppress the cares of the World that so *oppress* me; subdue the exorbitances of the Flesh that so *molest* me; curb the insolencies of the Devil that so *afflict* me; endue my arm with power, and arm my heart with *patience*. Make hast, O God, to hear me; make speed, O Lord, to help me. Break not thy Covenant with thy servant,

O God, nor alter what thy lips have uttered. Remember thy promise to the son of thy Handmaid, for it is my comfort in all my trouble. I call to thee in the time of my distress: deliver me, O God, according to thy Word. Consider, O Lord, I am but dust: O magnifie thy power in my weakness. Remember, O God, that I have been long *afflicted*: O magnifie thy mercy in my deliverance: For in death is no remembrance of thee, and in the grave what tongue can praise thee? My bones are *vexed*, and my soul is troubled; but thou, O Lord, how long? how long? Behold my griefs, for they are great: Regard my *troubles*, for they are many. Quicken my soul for thy Name's sake, and bring me out of all my troubles; then shall my soul rejoice in thy salvation, and magnifie thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Aug.

No servant of Christ is without affliction. If you expect to be free from persecution, you have not yet so much as begun to be a Christian.

S. Paul.

Through many tribulations we must enter into the Kingdom of God.

The

trouble not my patience with their absence. My heart is a lump of *dead flesh*, my soul is stricken with a *dead palsy*, my affections with a *Lethargy*. My zeal is frozen, my faith is bedrid, my charity is dead, and my greatest grief is that I cannot grieve. The *mark of Cain* is upon me, and I fear that every beast that meets me will devour me. O my soul, what comfort can remain with thee, when the God of comfort hath forsaken thee? What *safety* canst thou find, when thou hast lost the God of peace? What would I not *forgo*, that I might re-obtain my God? What *pleasure* would I not abjure, that I might regain his gracious pleasure?

His Comfort.
Chear up, my soul; who gives thee a *heart to desire*, will likewise give thee thy *heart's desire*. Let not his seeming absence dismay thee: The sence of his absence is the *Symptom* of his presence. Let his Word be an *Antidote* for thy despair, which saith,

Isa 54. 7.
For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.

His

His Proofs.

Deut. 4. 31.

THE Lord thy God is a merciful God; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the Covenant of thy fathers, which he swore unto them.

2 Cor. 4. 9.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken.

Josh. 1. 5.

I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

Nehem. 9. 31.

For thy great mercies sake thou didst not utterly consume them nor forsake them; for thou art a gracious and a merciful God.

Ambr.

Let no Man despair; let none conscious of his old sins make himself incapable of divine grace: For God knows how to change his sentence, if Man endeavours to forsake his sin.

Bernard.

Whenever thou feelest the burthen of temptation too heavy upon thee, call him that is thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aid in all extremities; and say, Lord, save me, for we perish. This keeper never sleeps nor slumbers; though for a time he seems afar off, fear not, he will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

His

His Soliloquy.

IF thy *breath*, O my soul, fail thee but a minute, thou diest; if thy *health* forsake thee awhile, thou languishest; if thy *sleep* leave thee, thou art distempered: No wonder if thy *God* withdraws, that thou art troubled. Deject not, O my soul, nor let thy thoughts despair. Stay thee with his Promises, and comfort thee with his Mercies. Dost thou mourn for him? Thou shalt be *comforted* in him. Dost thou thirst after him? thou shalt be *filled* with him. He that suffers not a *cup* of cold water for his sake to go unrewarded, will not permit a *tear* for his love to be unregarded. He withdraws to sharpen thy desire: He seems lost to *inflame* the seeker: He forsakes thee awhile, that he may be thine for ever. Thou wantest him, because thou desirest him: Thou desirest him, because thou lovest him: Thou couldst not love him had he not first loved thee, and whom he loves he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath sent him from thee, let thy diligence draw him to thee: If thou hast lost him by thy sin, seek him by true Repentance; and if thou find him by thy Prayers, entertain him with thy Thanksgiving.

His

His Prayer.

O God, without the *Sun-shine* of whose gracious eye the creature sits in *darkness*, and the shadow of *death*; whose presence is the very life and true *delight* of those that love thee, cast down thy eyes of pity upon a *lost sheep* of *Israel*, which hath wandred from thy *Fold* into the *Desart* of his own *Lust*. What dangers can I chuse but meet, that have run my self out of thy *Protection*? What Sanctu-ary can secure me, that have left the *Covert* of thy wings? What *comfort* can I expect, O God, that have forsaken thee the God of com- fort and consolation? Return thee, O great *Shepherd* of my soul, and with thy *Crook* re- duce me to thy *Fold*. Thou art my *way*, conduct me: Thou art my *light*, direct me: Thou art my *life*, quicken me. Disperse these *Clouds* of sins that stand betwixt thy angry face and my benighted soul. Remove that cursed *bar* which my *Rebellion* hath set be- twixt thy deafned Ear, and my confused Prayers; and let thy comfortable *beams* re- flect upon me. Leave me not, O God, unto my self: O Lord, forsake me not too long: for in me dwells nothing but despair, and the terrors of Hell have taken hold of me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me. Remove this heart of stone, and give me, O good God, a heart of flesh; that it may be capable of thy mer- cies,

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cies, and sensible of thy judgments. Plant in my heart a fear of thy name, and deliver my soul from carnal security. Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou lovest, and hate what thou hatest. Kindle my zeal with a coal from thine Altar, and encrease my faith by the assurance of thy love. O holy fire, that always burnest and never goest out, kindle me: O sacred light, that always shinest and art never dark, illuminate me. O sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the shafts of thy love, that it may burn and melt, and languish with the only desire of thee. Let it always desire thee, and seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee. Be thou in all my thoughts, in all my words, in all my actions; that both my thoughts, my words, and my actions being sanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

S. Chrys.

To suffer patiently is a greater gift than to raise the dead.

Matth. 26. 41.

Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.

The

The Humble Man's Depression.

OW more than happy are those
 sons of Men that measure no
 further ground than from the
 sacred *Fount* unto their peace-
 ful *Grave*! How blessed are
 those Infants which never li-
 ved to taste those dear-bought
 penny-worths of deceitful Earth! Alas, there
 is nothing here but bitter *Pills* of pleasure-
 gilded grief; here is nothing but substantial
 sorrows, clothed in the shades of false delight.
 Look where I list, there is nothing can appear
 before my eye but sorrow, the lamentable
 object of my misery: contemplate where I
 list, here is nothing can present my thoughts
 but *Misery*, the object of my mourning. My
 soul is a sparkle of *divine* fire, but quench'd
 with *lust*; an *Image* of my glorious Creator,
 but blurr'd with *sin*; a parcel of mortal im-
 mortality, reserv'd for death. My *understand-*
ing is darkned with *error*; my judgment is
 perverted with *partiality*; my will is diverted
 with *sensuality*. My *memory*, like a sieve, re-
 tains the *Bran*, and lets the flour pass: My
affections are aguish to good, and feverish to
 evil; my *faith* wavers, my *hope* tires, my *cha-*
rity freezes; my *thoughts* are vain, my *words*
 are idle, my *actions* sinful. My *body* is a Ta-
 bernacle of grief, an Hospital of diseases, a
 tenement

tenement of *Death*, a sepulchre of a sinful *Soul*. O my soul, how canst thou own thyself without *dejection*, that canst not view thyself without *corruption*? How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, tempered with a few tears, a lump of Earth, quickned with a span of life? Thy life is short and evil; truly miserable, because evil; only happy, because short. When thou endeavourest good, thy heart faints: when thou strugglest with evil, thy strength fails. For this my soul is humbled, and my spirits are depress'd: For this I loath my self, and view my misery with indignation.

His Exaltation.

But chear up, my soul, and let not thy thoughts be over-press'd. The *Ball* that is thrown against the ground, rebounds. Humility is the *Harbinger* of Grace. Art thou humbled? fear not: Dost thou fear? despair not: Dost thou despair? persist not. Heark what the God of truth hath said,

Luke 14. 11.

He that is humble shall be exalted.

S. Ambros. in hexaemer. de Virg. lib. 3.

The Lord's Prayer and the Apostles Creed which do seal up our hearts unto the service and love of God, are daily to be repeated every morning.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 29. 32.

A Man's pride shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.

1 Pet. 5. 6.

Humble your selves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. 15. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Job 22. 29.

When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, there is lifting up, and God shall save the humble person.

Cassiod.

By humility the Members of Christ know how to overcome the pride of the Devil. By this the faithful command: By this tyranny is conquered: By this the Martyrs are crowned. Neither can there be a perfection of vertue, where there is a defect of humility.

S. August.

The Kingdom is glorious, the way to it lieth low: Wilt thou desire thy journeys end, and yet refuse the way?

Ambr.

Humility, by not seeking, obtains what is contemned.

His Soliloquy.

ALL vertues, as well *Theological* as *Moral*, are besieged with two vices: *Humility*, the fundamental of all Vertues, is not exempted. Some puff up with their own lowliness, grow proud because humble, being high-minded by an *Antiperistasis*; this is *spiritual pride*: Others taking too single a view of their own corruptions, and more sensible of the disease than of the remedy, are cast into despondency of mind, and this is called *dejection*. The first froths up into *presumption*; the second settles down into a *despair*. How canst thou, O my soul, in this Tempest escape this *Scylla*, or avoid that *Charybdis*? Dost thou fear the tossing waves? contract thy sails. Fearest thou the *Quick-sands*? use thy *Compass*. He that stills the waves will assist thee; he that commands the Sea will advise thee. Look not only on thy *Load-stone*, for then thou wilt not see thy *danger*; nor only on thy *misery*, for then thou wilt not be sensible of thy *deliverance*. If thy *humility* puff thee up, thou art not fit for mercy: If *dejection* knock thee down, mercy is not fit for thee. Look up, O my soul, to God's mercy, so as thou mayst be sensible of thy own *misery*; and so look down on thine own misery, as thou mayst be capable of God's Mercy.

His

His Prayer.

ETernal God, who scatterest the proud in the Imagination of their hearts, and givest Grace to the humble and contrite spirit, bow down thy gracious Ear to me vile dust and ashes, whose Misery thus casts it self before thy Mercy. Lord, I am ashamed of mine own corruptions, and utterly loath mine own condition. I am not an object for mine own eyes without disdain, nor a subject for my own thoughts without contempt; yet am I bold to prostrate my vile self before thy glorious eyes, and to present my sinful Prayers before thy gracious ears. Lord, if thy Mercy moved not my Misery, I could look for no compassion; and if thy Grace transcended not my sin, I could expect nothing but confusion. O thou that madest me of nothing, renew me that have made my self far less than nothing. Revive those sparkles in my soul which lust hath quenched: Cleanse thine Image in me, which my sin hath blurr'd; Enlighten my understanding with thy Truth: Rectifie my judgment with thy Word: Direct my will with thy Spirit: Strengthen my memory to retain good things: Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things. Encrease my faith, encourage my hope, quicken my charity, sweeten my thoughts with thy Grace, season my words with thy Spirit, sanctifie my actions with thy Wisdom,

Wisdom, subdue the insolence of my rebellious flesh, restrain the fury of my unbridled passions, reform the frailty of my corrupted nature: Encline my heart to desire what is good, and bless my endeavours that I may do what I desire. Give me a true knowledge of my self, and make me sensible of mine own infirmities. Let not the sense of those Mercies which I enjoy blot out of my remembrance those Miseries which I deserve, that I may be truly thankful for the one, and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keep me from despair, in all my deliverances preserve me from ingratitude; that being timely quickened with the sense of thy goodness, and truly humbled by the sight of mine own weakness, I may be here *exalted* by the virtue of thy Grace, and hereafter *advanced* to the Kingdom of thy Glory.

S. Bern.

Wherefore should not Man greatly humble himself under a God of so great humility?

Matth. 5. 9.

Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the Children of God.

The

The Sinner's Conflict.

When *Sin* entred into the World,
Death followed. The Scripture
tells me of two deaths, the first
and the second, this *spiritual*, that
natural: the first, a separation of
the body and the soul, and is *temporal*; the
second, a separation of the body and soul from
the favour of God, and is *eternal*: the first is
terrible, the second intolerable. If the first
death so terrified the Lord of life, how terrible
will the second be to me the child of death?
If every trivial grief disturbs my thoughts, if
every petty sickness distempers my body, if the
very thought of death dismays my soul, how
horrible will death it self appear? O when
the silver Cord shall be dissolved, the golden
Bowl demolish'd, the Pitcher at the Fountain
broken, the Cistern-wheels stopp'd, how will
the whole universe of my afflicted body be
perplexed! Yet were I to endure for every
Man that hath been, s., and shall be, a death
as oft repeated as the Sea-shore hath sands, all
this were nothing to a minutes torment of the
second death. O treacherous and soul-destroy-
ing *sin*, how hast thou thus betrayed me to
eternal death by thy false, momentany and
deceitful pleasures? How hast thou bewitch'd
me with flattering smiles, and with thy coun-
terfeit delights thus tickled me to death? Thou
hast not only deprived me of a transitory life,
but

but led me into the hideous jaws of an everlasting death. Thou hast not only divorced my miserable soul from her beloved body, but separated both soul and body from the favour of my God, and left them to the insufferable torments of eternity. O my soul, can thy life be less than miserable, which being ended is transported to so infinite a misery? How can thy death be less than terrible, which opens the Gates to such eternal torments? What wilt thou do? Or whither wilt thou fly? Thy actions cannot save thee, nor thy flight secure thee. Death is thy enemy, who taking the advantage of thy lust, hath strengthened it self through thy weakness.

His Conquest.

Repair to thy colours. O my soul, the Lord of life is thy General: He hath foiled thy Enemy and disarmed him. Stand fast: He is conquered; if thou strive to conquer. Mark what thy General saith;

Revel. 2. 11.

He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.

S. Chrys. de orando Deum.

I cannot but admire and wonder at the great love of God towards Man, for exalting him so high an honour, as familiarly to speak unto him by Prayer.

His

His Proofs.

Rev. 2. 7.

TO him that overcometh I will give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

Rev. 3. 21.

To him that overcometh I will grant to sit with me in my throne; even as I also overcame, and am set down with my father in his throne.

Rev. 2. 17.

To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the hidden Manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving him that receiveth it.

Greg. lib. 8. Moral.

The valour of a just Man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this World for the reward of a better, to condemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

Hieron in Epist.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

Savonar.

If there be no enemy, no fight: if no fight, no victory: if no victory, no crown.

His

His Soliloquy.

OUR life is a *warfare*, and every Christian is two *Soldiers*. The Army consists of good and evil motions; these under the conduct of the flesh, those under the command of the spirit. The two *Generals*, God and the Devil: the Field, the Heart: the Word, on the one side, *Glory*; on the other side, *Pleasure*: the reward of both, *Eternity*; on that side, of *happiness*, on this side, of *torment*. How is thy heart, O my soul, like *Rebekah's womb*? How do two *Nations* strive within thee? O hear up, take courage in the *Reward* that is set before thee. So fight, that thou mayst *conquer*; so run, that thou mayst *obtain*. Let not the *policy* of the enemy dismay thee, nor thy own *feewness* disanimate thee. *Advance* therefore, O my dull soul; *fear* not the fiery *darts* of Satan, nor be afraid of his *Arrow* that flies by night. Press towards the great *Reward*, and let thy Spirit resist to *blood*. Take courage from thy *cause*; thou fightest for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takest up arms against his *Enemy*, and thy rebellious *Lusts*. Is thy *Enemy* too potent? *fear* not. Art thou besieged? *faint* not. Art thou routed? *fly* not. Call aid, and thou shalt be *strengthened*: Petition, and thou shalt be *relieved*: Pray, and thou shalt be *recruited*.

His

His Prayer.

O God to whom belong the issues of death, at whose terrible Name the very foundation of my Soul trembles, I a poor convicted sinner, accused by my own Conscience, and ready to be condemned by thy Justice, do here, in the very wounding of my heart, confess my self a miserable Creature. I have nothing to plead, O God, but mercy ; and where shall I find that Mercy but in my merciful Redeemer ? Blessed Redeemer, that hast promised victory to those that *strive*, and life to those that *overcome*, teach thou my hands to war, and my fingers to fight. Give me a loyal heart, that the inticements of the World may not seduce it ; Give me a constant spirit, that the pleasures of the Flesh may not intice it ; Give me a wise fore-cast, that the subtilty of the Devil may not entrap me. Let not the multitude of mine enemies *discourage* me, nor the greatness of their powers *dismay* me, nor the weakness of my arm *dishearten* me. Thou that gavest little *Israel* victory against great *Pharaoh*, strengthen me ; Thou that gavest little *David* the day against great *Goliath*, succour me ; Thou that gavest single *Sampson* conquest against the numerous *Philistines*, save me. Lord, fight against them that fight against my soul. Arise, O God, and let thine Enemies be confounded. Lord, shield me from the fury of my own corruptions,

I

for

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for they are many ; Deliver me from the imaginations of my own heart, for they are evil, and that continually. Let not the frailty of my youth beset me, and keep me from the danger of my secret sins. Double my watchfulness upon my *Delilah*, that is so apt to kiss me and betray me. Without thy Grace I have no will to strive, no power to stand, no hope to conquer. Sustain me, that I may not faint ; Second me, that I may not fly ; Strengthen me, that I may not yield. Gird my loins with Truth, and let my breast-plate be thy Righteousness ; that putting on the Helmet of Salvation, I may fight a good fight, and receive a *Crown* of glory ; that having past the terrors of the first death, I may escape the torments of the second, and triumph with thee in the Kingdom of Glory.

S. Cyprian.

For why were we listed into the bands of his militia, if we look for nothing but peace, and do shun and refuse the difficulties of his service ?

Anonym.

If we do but resist, we have overcome ; and cannot be conquered but by our own treachery.

Sion's

Sion's Decay.



OST ask me, Why so sad?
Or can my sorrow be thy
wonder? Canst thou, or can
thy eye expect a *Sun-shine*
where the greater *Lamp* of
Heaven is *eclipsed*? or can
my soul be *frolick* when the
Vineyard of my heart is *blasted*? Can the *chil-*
dren of the *Bride-chamber* chuse but hang
their heads, to see the *Bridegroom* *slighted*,
and the *Bride's* lovely cheeks *profaned* with
every peasant hand? Can poor affrighted
Lambs wanton and frisk upon the pleasant
plains, whenas their worried *Mothers* tremble
at the *Quest* of every *Curr*? What *member*
can rejoice, whenas the *body* is *dismembred*?
Sion the glory of Heaven, is darkned, and her
bright beams obscured. *Sion*, the *Vineyard*
of our souls, is *blasted*, and her *clusters* are
grown *four*. *Sion*, the *Bride* of my Redeemer,
is *defiled*, her *bloud-wash'd Robes* are *sullied*
and *slubbered*. *Sion*, the *Mistress* of our
Flocks, is *over-powered*, and her tender *Lambs*
have no protection. *Sion*, the *Mother* of us all,
is *barren*, and her *uberous breasts* are *dry*. *Si-*
on, the glorious *Corporation* of the *Elect*, is
factionous in it self, and her *Members* are *disjoin-*
ted. Ah! how can my distressed soul find
rest, when *Sion* the *rest* of my distressed soul is

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oppress'd? How many of her dearest children are now tugging at the slavish oar of *Infidels*? How many roaring under the imperious hand of the Daughter of *Babylon*? How many banish'd from their *native soils*, and driven from their usurp'd *possessions*? This Vine which Heavens right hand hath planted, is decayed, her Fences broken, her Hedge troden down; her body torn by *Schismatics*, cankered with *Hereticks*, blasted with fiery *Spirits*; her Branches rent with the wild *Boar*, her Grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*. Her Shepherds are turned *Wolves*, and have devoured her *Flocks*. Confusion is within her *walls*, and desolation is near unto her *gates*. O *Jerusalem*, if I forget to mourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; and if I prize not thee above my greatest joy, let my tongue cleave to my roof.

Her Defence.

But hark, I hear a heavenly voice whispering glad tidings in my ear, which saith,

Isa. 27. 3.

I the Lord do keep it, and will water it.

S. Ambros.

The Catholick Church is always vested with the garments of Christ, and therefore ever under his protection.

Her Proofs:

Psal. 69. 35.

THE Lord will save Sion, and will build the Cities of Juda; that they may dwell there, and have possession.

Psal. 87. 5.

Of Sion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her.

Isa. 14. 32.

The Lord hath founded Sion, and the poor of his people shall trust in it.

Isa. 12. 6.

Cry out and shout thou inhabitant of Sion, for great is the holy one of Israel in the midst of thee.

Orig. Hom. 10. in divers.

O holy Lord, how happy are they that trust in thee! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all those that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee. For behold, thy Love sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee. She trusted in thee, and she is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee than she expected from thee.

Bernard.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? For their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

Her Soliloquy.

WHO is not interested in the *miseries* of *Sion*? What sadness may not be justified in her *calamity*? O my soul, thou mayst here spend thy self in holy passion, and dissolve thy self to tears: But yet be wisely sad; let not thy tears exceed thy *confidence*, nor let thy grief exclude thy hope. Mourn not for the *Bride*, as if the *Bridegroom* were not; or being, had no power; or having power, wanted *will*; or having will, were like thy self, *forgetful*. No, no, my soul, he that suffers her to suffer, will *sustain* her in sufferance and *Crown* her sufferings: When she is persecuted, she *prosperes*; when she is oppress'd, she *flourishes*; in her contempt she gains *honour*; in her wounds, *victories*; in her reproach, *credit*; in her patience, a *crown*; and with her *crown of thorns*, a *crown of glory*. Can she be more like her *Bridegroom* than in *affliction*? Can she more resemble her *Husband* than in *persecution*? Remember, O my soul, she is a plant of his right hands planting, and who can pluck it up? Fear not, this *Kine* must prosper in spite of *opposition*. Yet know, my soul, thou shalt not prosper, nor see good days, unless thou wish *Prosperity* to *Jerusalem*, and pray for *Peace* in *Sion*.

The Prayer.

O God, that art the beauty of *Sion*, and the glory of thy *Jerusalem*, and the joy of thine Elect, behold the mangled body of thy distressed Church ; relieve the miseries of her distempered Members. She is our *Lamp*, illuminate her with thy glory ; She is thy *Vine*, O fructifie her with thy grace ; She is thy *Bride*, embrace her in thy love ; She is thy *Flock*, protect her by thy power ; She is our *Body*, rectifie her with thy health ; We are her *Members*, sanctifie us with thy righteousness. Let not the malice of Satan discourage her : Let not the counsels of the wicked disturb her : Let not the gates of Hell prevail against her. Give verity in her doctrine, unity in her self, uniformity in her discipline, universality in her progress : Repair her broken Fences, and weaken the power of the wild Boar. Bless all such as love her ; and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them in thy justice. Let her appear to be thy Daughter, and let the King's Daughter be all glorious within. Let her be known to be thy Ark, and let Dagon fall down before her. Purge her from error, heresie, ignorance and superstition ; and being purged, O take thou pleasure in her beauty. Behold her Branches which suffer for thy name, and give them deliverance or patience. Let no weapon that is formed against thy

I 4.

Church

Church prosper, and let all tongues that speak against her be confounded. Let her gates be always open, and glorifie the house of thy glory. Let thy hand be upon the Man of thy right hand, that he may guard this plant which thy right hand hath planted. Give thy justice to the King, and thy righteousness to the King's Son. Season thy Seminaries with thy truth; and bless the house of *Levi*, and bless the house of *Aaron*. Turn thy countenance to thy first love, the *Jews*; and take not thy Candlestick from thy chosen, the *Gentiles*: that having one Shepherd, we may be one *Flock*; and having one faith, we may be one *Church*; and having one heart to please thee, we may have one voice to praise thee, here *militant* in the Kingdom of Grace, and hereafter *triumphant* in the Kingdom of Glory.

S. Cyprian.

He cannot have God to be his Father, who owns not the Church as his Mother.

S. Ambros.

Arise therefore, run to the Church: there is the Father, there is the Son, there is the Holy Ghost.

The

The Mourners Calamity.

OR Stoicism to rejoice at *Funerals* and lament at *Births* of Men, is more absonant to *Nature* than to *Reason*. Too self-indulgent *Nature* would preserve her self on any terms; but well-instructed *Reason* holds a *Being* but an ill-peny-worth purchased on condition of so long a *misery*. Who knows himself a *Man*, needs seek no further for a cause to mourn: For what is Man but a Sampler of *weakness*, the spoil of *Time*, the May-game of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconstancy*, the balance of *Calamity*? and what besides, but *Phlegm* and *Choler*? His *Birth* is a painful coming into the World; his *life* a sinful continuance in the World; his *death* a dreadful going out of the World. His *Birth* brings him into the shop of sin; his *Childhood* binds him Apprentice to sin; his *Youth* makes him free in sin; his *full Age* trades in sin; his *old Age* breaks him; his last *sickness* arrests him, and *Death* casts him into Prison. The *pleasure* he takes is to displease his God; his *business* is to disturb his Neighbour; his *study* is to destroy himself: his best labour is but *vanity*, and the fruit of that labour is *vexation of Spirit*. His mirth is a *short madness*, his sorrow a *long torment*; his recreation a *formal Antick*, his de-

votion an *antick formality*: his course of life is a *Quotidian ague*, whose cold fits are *sloth* and *charity*, whose hot fits are *wrath* and *concupiscence*; his *pleasures* are but *aiery shadows* to beguile him; his *honours* are but *frothy pleasures* to betray him; his *profit* is but *golden fetters* to beslave him, the effect whereof is *sin*, the end whereof is *death*. In brief, he that would learn to be a *mourner*, let him remember that he is a *Man*. O my soul, is this the *pleasure* that this *World* promises? is this that *happiness* that this great *promiser* affords? Had Man no hopes of greater happiness than Earth can give, how more unhappy were he than a beast! What happiness can counterpoise his *sorrow*? What mirth can countervail his *miser*y? What comfort is there in this House of *Mourning*? Where then shall I repose my trust? On whom shall my crush'd hopes rely?

His Consolation.

Darest thou believe the word of Truth?
Hark what the word of Truth hath said,

Mat. 5. 4.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

His

His Proofs.

Psal. 119. 50.

THis is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickened me.

Isa. 61. 2.

Proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance, to comfort all that mourn.

Jer. 31. 13.

I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow.

Psal. 71. 20, 21.

Thou which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depth of the Earth. Thou shalt encrease my greatness, and comfort me on every side.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 23.

There was a great dark cloud of calamity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Justice and the light of Truth: But, Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me from darkness and the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

Kemp. lib. 3. cap. 50.

There is none under Heaven that can comfort me, but thou my Lord God, the Heavenly Physician of souls, that strikest and healest, bringest into Hell and drawest out again.

His

His Soliloquy.

Misery is the badge of *mortality*, and mortality the *lot* of Man. He that views himself impartially, needs seek no subject for a tear; yet, O my soul, hadst thou not seen thine own *misery*, how more miserable hadst thou been! Hadst thou been hood-winkt to thy *corruptions*, hadst thou been blind to thine *infirmities*, had thy filth been painted over with *vanity*, how had the way to thy redress been block'd up; how hadst thou stumbled at thy *self*, and fallen at thine own *destruction*! O my soul, it is a great part of *safety*, to see a danger; a good step towards *health*, to discover the disease; a fair progress towards *happiness*, to behold thine own misery. But *Evils* discovered, and no more, grow *sharper* by the discovery. He only *uses* a *fore-seen* danger, that endeavours to *avoid* it: He *profits* by a discovered disease, that labours to *amend* it: He *benefits* by *previſed* misery, that strives to *overcome* it. Being fairly *warn'd*, my soul, be thou as strongly arm'd. Dost thou plead *weakness*? be courageous, and thou shalt be *victorious*. Does *sadness* cool thy courage? be patient, and thou shalt be *comforted*: remember thou art militant. Dost thou find thy self *timorous*? strengthen thy self with *resolution*. Dost thou find thy self *spent*? fortifie thy self by *Prayer*.

His

His Prayer.

O God that hearest the *sighing* of a contrite heart, and bottlest up the tears of a repentant eye, bow down thy gracious ear and hear the torments of a *grieved* breast. Look on my *tears*, and read in them what my closed lips are even ashamed to utter. Thou madest me free, but I have lost my freedom even by my rebellion : Thou madest me like thy self, but I have blurr'd thine Image by my sin : Thou madest me clean and holy, but I have wallowed in the mire of my own corruptions : Thou madest me for thy glory, but I have lived to thy dishonour : Thou madest me a Man, but I have made my self a worm, and no man. Lord, I see the *misery* of my own condition, and without thy Mercy I am worse than nothing : But thou art gracious, and of great compassion, and thy Truth endures from Generation to Generation. Lord, thou hast promised *joy* to those that *grieve*, and *comfort* to them that *mourn* : In full assurance of thy gracious promise, upon my bended knees I humbly sue for thy seasonable performance. Strengthen me, that I may endure this nights *sorrow*, and let the joy of thy good Spirit *cheer* me in the *morning*. Let me not *grieve* like those that go into the pit, nor let my *mourning* be like theirs that have no hope. Let not the vain comforts of the World please me, nor the dead pleasures of the earth rejoice me.
Make

Make me a willing Prisoner to my grief, until thou please to shew thy self the God of consolation. Sanctifie my sorrows to me, and direct my mourning to the right object. Open the flood-gates of mine eyes, that I may weep bitterly for my offences. Dissolve my head into a tide of tears, that thou mayest wash away the filth of my corruptions. Let nothing stop the current but the assurance of thy love; and let my furrowed cheeks be dried in the Sunshine of thy favour. Accept, O God, of this wet sacrifice of tears, and let my groaning be a peace-offering for my trespasses. Look at thy right-hand, and for his sake that sits there, grant these my petitions, firmly grounded on thy promise and his merits; that my sad soul being relieved by thy Mercy, may receive endless comfort, and thy Name eternal Glory.

S. Greg.

To consider what dolours deserve to be made the punishment of disobedience, will much abate those sorrows that we have for any affliction.

S. Paul.

For these light afflictions which are but for a moment, work for us a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

The

The Serpent's Subtilty.

*W*hat miserable dignity belongs
 unto the *honourable* name of
Man! What *sad* Prerogatives
 pertain to that *unhappy* Gene-
 ration of *Mankind!* Ah!
 what is *Man* but a polluted
 lump of *living clay*, a little
 heap of self-corrupted *earth*, created to *happi-*
ness, born to *sorrow?* And what is *Mankind*
 but a transitory succession of *misery*, on whom
Mortality is generally entail'd from Genera-
 tion to Generation? Each particular *Man* is
 the short and *sad* story of *Mankind*, written
 by his own dear experience in a more favoura-
 ble style, wherein every one is naturally incli-
 ned to spare himself, and hide his nakedness
 among the *shades*, where being lost, he seeks
 himself *unsound*, or finds himself *unknown*, or
 knows himself most miserable. The Devil
 appeared not as a *Lion*; strength could not
 constrain an *upright* soul. He appeared not as
 a *Dragon*; fear could not compel a *dauntless*
 Spirit. But he appeared a *Serpent*, to insinu-
 ate and creep into the bosom of his soft affe-
 ctions. How often is this story acted by me
 the *miserablest* of *Adam's* sons? Behold how
 the forbidden *Tree* of *vain delights* stands la-
 den with her pleasant *fruits*. See how the *Ser-*
pent twists and winds, and tempts the *weaker*
vessel of my *body*, which having yielded, tastes
 and

and tempts my *better part*. Which done, what *nakedness*, what shame presents before my guilty eyes? What slight excuses (patch'd like leaves together) I frame to hide my nakedness, my shame? And when the *voice* of my crying *conscience* calls me in the *cool* of my lust, O how I start, and tremble, and seek for *covert* among the Trees? where being found at last and questioned, my soul accuses the *infirmity* of my body, my body accuses that *Serpentine temptation*; so that all three being partners in *sin*, are sad partakers of the *punishment*. Thus every minute, O my soul, art thou *surprized*; thus every moment doth this twisting *Serpent* tempt and *overcome* thy *frailty*; thus every minute are eternal deaths still multiplied upon thee. What hopes hast thou in thy *collapsed* estate to overcome that *Serpent* which *Adam* in his *perfection* did not conquer?

His Defeat.

Chear up, my soul, there is a *Champion* found shall curb this *Serpents* power, and Heaven hath spoke it.

Gen. 3. 15.

The seed of the Woman shall break the Serpents head.

His Proofs.

Rom. 16. 20.

AND the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

1 John 3. 8.

For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil.

Rev. 17. 14.

He shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome him.

Ephes. 6. 16.

Above all things take the shield of Faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of Satan.

Chrysost. super Mat.

He forced him not; he touched him not; only said, Cast thy self down: that we may know, who-soever obeyeth the Devil, casteth himself down: for the Devil may suggest; compel he cannot.

Bern. in Serm.

It is the Devils part to suggest; Ours, not to consent. As often as we resist him, so oft we overcome him; so often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God, who proposeth us, that we may contend; and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

His

His Soliloquy.

MA N by the power of the transcendent *Good*, was created *good*, with a power to continue *good*. Man through disobedience lost this power, and that arbitrary *goodness* is turned to necessary *evil*. The whole *Mass* is *corrupted*, and lies in the same condition it made it self: but *God* out of an unsearchable love to his *Creature*, out of his infinite Wisdom (not violating his Justice) found a way to exercise his *mercy*: drawing what handfuls he pleased (not for the dignity of the matter) out of this *lump*, the rest he left to it self. As it had been no *injustice* in *God* to leave the whole in the perdition it had cast it self, so it was an inscrutable *mercy* to draw out some part out of that self-made *perdition*. This *Redemption*, O my soul, was a *Legacy* given at the death of thy *Redeemer*; and thy business is to search the *Will*, and in it thy *interest*. But where is that *Will*? Search the *Scriptures*. But how shall it *appear* by searching? By the fruit thou shalt know the Tree. Examine thy heart. Dost thou find there a *love* to *God* for his *own sake*, and a *love* to thy Neighbour for *God's sake*, and to both for *obedience sake*? Go thy ways, thou art in the *Will*; and the seed of the Woman hath broke the Serpent's *head*.

His Prayer.

O God, that didst create Mankind for the glory of thy holy Name, and redeemedst Man being lost with the blood of thy only Son, and hast preserved him by thy free Mercy and continual Providence; I, a poor son of miserable *Adam*, do here acknowledge my self unworthy of the least of all thy Mercies. Lord, what am I, that thou shouldst look upon me? and what is the son of thy handmaid, that thou shouldst think upon him? I know the best of all my actions are unclean, and these my very prayers are abomination in thy sight: My thoughts, my words, nay the whole course of my life is *sin*, and there is nothing in me which deserves not *death*. Yet, Lord, even for the Altars sake on which I offer up this sinful sacrifice, loath not the Prayers of my polluted lips, or stop thy ears against my sad complaints. Lord, I am as vile as *sin* can make me, and deserve what curse thy *wrath* can lay upon me. I brought *corruption* from the Womb, and suck'd *Rebellion* from the very breast. My life is nothing but a *Trade* of sin, wherein I hourly heap unto my self wrath against the day of wrath: insomuch that wert thou not more merciful to me than I am or can be to my self, I had been now roaring under thy *justice*, that am here begging for thy *mercy*. Lord, I am nothing but *infirmity*, and daily wallow in my own *corruptions*. The old
Serpent

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Serpent continually besieges me, and the feebleness of my old man cannot resist him. Arise, O God, and crush thy enemy and mine, whose fury through my confusion aims at thy dishonour. Let the seed of the Woman quicken in my soul, and strengthen my weakness to encounter with temptation. Let it, O let it break the Serpent's head, that I may conquer for the time to come: and give thou me a broken heart, that I may grieve for the time past: give me water from the spring of life, that it may quench the fiery darts of death. Strengthen the new man in me, and let the power of the old man languish daily: that being confident in thy promise, I may be sensible of thy performance; and being freed by thy power, I may be filled with thy praise, and glorifie thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Greg.

Holy Job was more Satan's torture, than Satan was the others tempter.

S. Ambros.

It is necessary that the perverse sinner, whom the longanimity of the patience of God could not mend, should be tormented with eternal punishment.

The

The Sinner's Poverty.

♦♦♦♦♦ Herein doth this my *natural State*
 ♦ W ♦ excel a beast? In what one thing?
 ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Am I not worse? Their outward
 ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ senses are more *perfect*; my in-
 ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ward senses are less *pure*. Their
natural Instinct desires good, and chuses it;
 but my *perverted Will* sees good, and yet de-
 clines it. They eat being satisfied with *moderation*: perchance I *want*, or *surfeit*. They
 sleep secure from *fear* and *cares*, when I am
 kept awake with both. They cry to Heaven
 and are fed by *providence*; I, trusting to my
 self, want through my *Improvvidence*. The
 worthless *Sparrows* are lodg'd in their downy
 fleeces: but I have nothing to cover my *na-*
kedness, nothing to hide my *shame*. Naked I
 was born into the world, and have nothing
 in the world which I may call my own, or if
 I have, it is lost with the desire of having. I
 look into my *Soul*, and can find nothing there
 but the *absence* of what I had, or the *defect*
 of what I want. I pry into my *Understand-*
ing, and there I find nothing but *darkness*:
 I search into my *Will*, and there I find nothing
 but *perversness*: I examine my *Affections*,
 and there I find nothing but *disorder*: I view
 my *disposition*, and there I find nothing but
distemper. What I had I have not, and what
 I want I cannot gain. If I have obtained any
 thing

thing that is good, I quickly lose it for want of *knowledge* how to prize it. If I find any good which I had *lost*, I keep it not, for want of *wisdom* how to *use* it. When I call my *conscience* to account, mine own soul is brib'd against me; and when I call my course of *life* to question, my frailties flatter me. If the sense of misery should force me to my forgotten prayers, I falter, and my *distraction* denies me *utterance*; or if my hopeful thoughts permit my formal lips to recommend my griefs to Heaven, my *guilt* despairs of *entrance*; or if a flash of *zeal* should wing my prayers, and dart them up into the Almighty's ears, my unrepented *sins* forbid them *audience*. Heavens *gates* are lock'd against me, and the *keys* are lost by my neglect. My *sighs* want strength to shoot the lock, nor can my stronger *groans* enforce the portals open.

His Relief.

Chear up, my soul, the keys are in a faithful hand, nor is the keeper far: Call him, and thou shalt hear him say,

Luke 11. 9.

Ask and thou shalt have; seek, and thou shalt find; knock, and it shall be opened to thee.

His

His Proofs.

Mat. 7. 11.

IF you, being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things unto them that ask him?

John 11. 22.

But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it unto thee.

Mat. 21. 22.

All things whatsoever ye shall ask by prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

James 1. 5.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask it of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

S. Bern.

It is easier that Heaven and Earth should pass, than if thou seek God, not to find him, or than if thou ask, not to receive, or if thou knock, not to be opened unto.

Chrys. hom. 5. in epist. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things, because I have Christ: having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universal reward,

His

His Soliloquy.

Canst thou, O my soul, wonder at thy wants, when thou wantest *Him* that is the only *supplier* of all wants? The *beast* performs his duty, and (made for thy service) *serves* thee; and wanting food, in his own language craves it, and obtains it. The *fowls* of the air (being pinched with hunger) carol forth their sweet *Hosanna's* and are filled, and then return musical *Hallelujahs*. Canst thou, my soul, expect *supplies* like them, and useless means than they? Come, thou art worth many *sparrows* (were not five sold for a farthing?) The blood of Jesus is thy *price*, and for his sake all things are thine. Shall *beasts* for their own sakes be *supplied*, and shalt thou in the *Name* of Jesus be *denied*? Can a *Mother* see the trickling tears of an unfed Infant, and can the sea of *mercies* be obdure to thee? Art thou commanded to *ask*, *seek*, and *knock*, in vain? I, but my tongue is slow. Was not *Moses* the Man of God so? When I *seek*, my *lust* diverts me, and I am lost. Is not the great Shepherd come to reduce his lost sheep? But, alas! I *knock* at the *wrong* door. Fear not when thou knock st with a right heart. He that is every where will be *found*; He that made the ear will *bear* thee.

His Prayer.

O God that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knowest what to give than I to ask, and with-holdest no good thing from him that seeks thee with an upright heart; I, a poor suiter at thy Throne of Grace, being truly sensible of mine own defects, and timorously conscious of my evil defects, do here even cast my self on thy gracious providence. And since, O Lord, thou hast commanded me to ask of thee the things I *want*, bow down thine ear and hear the Prayers which a poor sinner, emboldned by thy promise, presents before thee; by whose free favour I have received whatsoever I have obtained, and by my own folly lost whatsoever I had received. Give me a clear sight of my own *poverty*; shew me the poverty of mine own *relief*; that so I may forsake the broken reed of my own *power*, and strengthen my weakness in the comfort of thy *promise*. Lord, thou hast commanded me to *ask*, but my sins cry louder than my suits: Thou hast commanded me to *seek*, but mine own guilt leads me the wrong way; Thou hast commanded me to *knock*, but Satan holds my hands. Lord, let the blood of my blessed Saviour stop the mouth of my crying *sins*; let his full satisfaction take away my guilt. Bind him in chains that captivates my *power*. Teach me to *ask* that hast commanded me to

K

ask;

His

ask; Thou that hast commanded me to *seek*, direct me; and let my *knocking* be guided by thy hand. Give me knowledge, that I may *ask* what I should; grant me prudence, that I may seek where I should, give me providence, that I may *knock* when I should. Let not my faintness in *asking* teach thee to deny; Let not my foolishness in *seeking* tempt me to desist: Let not my unseasonableness in *knocking* strike me with despair. Give me a fervent Faith, that I may *ask* with confidence; a constant hope, that I may *seek* with courage; an unwearied patience, that I may *knock* with constancy. Let me *ask* like the importunate Woman, till I obtain thee: Let me *seek* like thy blessed Mother, till I find thee: Let me *knock* like the sinful Publican, till thou open to me: that having *found* thee here by grace, in the company of Saints, I may live with thee in glory, with the Society of Angels.

S. Aug.

An evil Conscience cannot hope.

Idem.

No praises heal an ill Conscience, nor does any raillery wound a good one.

Anonym.

How can they want who have him that hath all things?

The

The Faithful Man's Fear.



O this and live. Some comfort yet remains: though life be not absolutely granted, yet death is but conditionally threatned. *Do this and live.* But what is the *work* that may deserve

such *wages*? Give perfect *obedience* to thy God, and perfect *love* to thy Neighbour. But will not the utmost of my *power* do? Will not the best of my *endeavour* serve? No, he that is perfect made thee perfect, and requires a *perfection*. Alas! if life depends upon such terms, what flesh can live? Thy inability for the *work* prophesies the impossibility of the *reward*. My soul, thou art become a legal debtor, and the utmost *farthing* is expected. Thou canst neither pay thy *debt*, nor hide thee from thy Creditor. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou plead *immunity*? Thy own *hand* will condemn thee. Wilt thou plead *payment*? Thy own *poverty* will implead thee. Wilt thou plead *mercy*? Thy own *rebellion* will dismay thee. My soul, what *security* wilt thou put in? or to what *Sanctuary* wilt thou fly? O flatter not thy self, and put not the *evil day* from thee. Thou hast not only *not done what thou shouldest*, but thou *hast done what thou shouldest not*. Thou hast sinned against thy *Creation*, by disobeying thy Creator: Thou

K 2

hast

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hast sinned against thy *Redemption*, by crucifying thy Redeemer: Thou hast sinned against thy *Sanctification*, by quenching of the Spirit. Thou hast sinned against God's *judgments*, by thy presumption: Thou hast sinned against his *mercies*, by thy despair: Thou hast sinned against thy *conscience*, by thy rebellion: Thou hast sinned against *Providence*, by thy distrust. Every day brings in an *Inventory* of thy *sins*, and every sin brings in a *Faggot* to thy *exeration*. O my soul, behold the *misery* of thy estate, and tremble: Behold the *Mercies* of thy God, and wonder. Tremble, for he is a God to punish thine *iniquities*: Wonder, for he is become a Man to bear thy *iniquities*. Tremble, for thou art not able to do his *Commands*: Wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou canst do. Will not the frailty of thy flesh permit thee to do? let the faithfulness of thy heart incline thee to desire. *Do* what thou canst, and *Believe* what thou canst not.

His Crown.

Chear up, my sad soul, for he that hath considered the frailty of thy hands, hath freely accepted the faithfulness of thy heart; who saith,

Rev. 2. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life.

His

His Proofs.

Mat. 25. 21.

Well done, good and faithful servant;
thou hast been faithful over a few
things, I will make thee Ruler over many
things: Enter into the joy of thy Lord.

So then, they that be of faith, are blessed with
faithful Abraham. Gal. 3. 9.

2 Tim. 4. 8.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of
Righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous
Judge, shall give at that day.

Jam. 1. 12.

Blessed is the Man that endureth temptation:
for when he is tried he shall receive the
Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised
to them that love him.

Bernard.

O only safe fight, which for and with Christ is
undertaken! in which the Christian Souldier
neither wounded, nor overthrowed, nor troden
under foot, no nor slain, can lose the victory,
if he manfully stand to it, and do not betake
himself to a shameful flight.

Aug. in Senten.

Whatsoever rageth against the Name of Christ
is tolerable if it may be overcome; and if it
cannot, it hasteneth the receiving of our glori-
ous reward: for the faithful Man in the end
of his temporal evils passeth into the fruition
of his eternal good.

K 3

His

His Soliloquy.

STand not, O my soul, upon the legs of a sinner, but fly into the arms of thy Saviour; and what thou canst not purchase by thy endeavour, endeavour to believe. Acknowledge thou thy debt, and thy Jesus will justify thy payment. Trust not in thy self, lest thou be deceived by thy self. Dost thou, O my soul, desire faith? Renounce thy self. Wouldest thou preserve thy faith? Condemn thy self. Thy way to faith is from thy self. Is thy soul dark? Faith enlightens it: Is the gate of Heaven shut? Faith unlocks it: Is the way dangerous? Faith secures it: Is thy heart timorous? Faith emboldens it: Is death terrible? Faith conquers it: Is the crown of life difficult? Faith obtains it. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life. Fear not thy weakness, O my soul; It shall not be to thee according to thy works, but faith. If thy good works cannot save thee before faith, thine evil works cannot damn thee after Repentance. As he that crowns thy good works, crowns his own gifts; so he that pardons thy evil works, magnifies his own mercy. Cast Anchor here, my soul, and if the waves of thy corruptions overwhelm thee, pump them out by true Repentance.

His

His Prayer.

MOST glorious God, in respect of whom the very Angels are impure, before whom the Cherubims do veil their blushing faces; I the wretched off-spring of presumptuous flesh and blood, fall down before the foot-stool of thy gracious presence, and humbly present thee with my sinful prayers. If thou shouldest weigh my actions with thy righteous balance, or try me with the touch-stone of thy sacred Laws, the vials of thy wrath would pour upon me, and thy justice would be magnified in my confusion. But, Lord, thou delightest not in the death of a sinner, nor takest pleasure in the destruction of thy creature. Lord, thy Commandments are most just, and my performance is most imperfect: the best of all my words deserve not the least of all thy mercies; and the purest of all my actions, nay my very prayers, are sin. I have sinned against my Creation, and yet, Lord, thou hast redeemed me: I have sinned against my Redemption, and yet, O God, thou hast in some measure sanctified me: I have sinned against my Sanctification, and yet, O God, thou hast not forsaken me: I have sinned against the continuance of thy Mercies, yet hast thou not confounded me. The whole practice of my life is nothing but Rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evil, and that continually: wherefore I wholly renounce my
K 4 self

I, O God, and utterly disclaim the works of mine own hands. In thy goodness, O Lord, I build my confidence, and in thy mercy I seek for refuge. Grant me the power to do what thou commandest, and then command me what thou pleasest. Crucifie the flesh within me, and deliver my soul from the spirit of bondage. Free me, O Lord, from the oldness of the letter, that I may serve thee hereafter in the newness of the spirit. Let the Rebellions of old *Adam* be lost in thy remembrance, and let the obedience of the new *Adam* be ever in thy sight. Purge from my heart the dregs of unbelief, and kindle in my soul the fire of devotion. Quicken my soul with a lively faith. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief: that so being faithful to the death, according to thy command, I may receive the Crown of life, according to thy promise.

Sen.

*The greatest safety is to fear nothing but God.
Nothing should startle a wise courage, but the
close remembrance of an evil life.*

2 Tim. 1. 12.

I know whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

The

The Fearful Man's Conflict.



O W potent are the infirmities of flesh and blood ! How weak is *Nature's* strength ! How strong her weakness ! How is my easie faith abused by my deceitful sense ! How is my *Understanding* blinded with deluding *Error* ! How is my *Will* perverted with apparent *good* ! If real good present it self, how purblind is mine *eye* to view it ! if viewed, how dull is my *understanding* to apprehend it ! if apprehended, how heartless is my *judgment* to allow it ! if allowed, how unwilling is my *will* to chuse it ! if chosen, how fickle are my *resolutions* to retain it ! No sooner are my resolutions fixed upon a course of *Grace*, but nature checks at my *Resolves* ; no sooner check'd, but streight my *Will* repents her choice, my *Judgment* recalls her sentence, my *Understanding* mistrusts her light : and then my *Sense* calls Flesh and Bloud to counsel, which wants no *arguments* to break me off. The difficulty of the *journey* daunts me ; the straitness of the *Gate* disinays me ; the doubt of the *Reward* diverts me ; the *loss* of worldly pleasure here deterrs me ; the *loss* of earthly honour there dissuades me : here the strictness of *Religion* damps me, there the worlds contempt disheartens me ; here the fear of my pre-

ferment discourages me. Thus is my yielding sense assaulted with my conquering *doubts*. Thus are my militant *hopes* made captive to my prevailing *fears*: whence if haply ransom'd by some good *motion*, the Devil presents me with a bead-roll of my *Offences*, the Flesh suggests the necessity of my sin, the World objects the foulness of my shame; where, if I plead the mercy and goodness of my God, the *abuse* of his Mercy weakens my *trust*, the *slighting* of his Goodness hardens my heart against my hopes. With what an *host* of enemies art thou besieged, my soul! How, how art thou beleaguered with continual fears! How doth the guilt of thy *unworthiness* cry down the hopes of all compassion! Thy confidence of Mercy is conquered by the consciousness of thy own demerits; and thou art taken prisoner, and bound in the horrid chains of sad despair.

His Prize.

But cheer up, my soul, and turn thy fears to wonder and thanksgiving; trust in him that saith,

Luke 12. 32.

Fear not, little flock, for it is your father's good pleasure to give you a kingdom.

His

His Proofs.

Col. 1. 13.

HE hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the Kingdom of his dear Son.

Acts 14. 22.

Exhort them to continue in the faith, and that we must through many tribulations enter in to the Kingdom of God.

James 2. 5.

Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, that they should be rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom which he promised to them that love him?

Luke 22. 29.

I appoint you a Kingdom, as my Father appointed me.

S. Aug.

Though we labour in a boisterous Sea, yet thou, Lord, art our Pilot, and steereſt our course between Scylla and Charybdis; so that, both dangers escaped, we shall at length arrive at our Port secure.

Macar.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified; that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

Hieron.

Miserable is his felicity who was never thought worthy to wrestle with miseries, by which contention honour is obtained.

His

His Soliloquy.

HAST thou crucified the Lord of *Glory*, O my soul, and hast thou so much boldness to expect his *Kingdom*? Consult with *Reason*, and review thy *Merits*; which done, behold that *Jesus* whom thou crucifiedest even making *Intercession* for thee, and offering thee a *Crown* of *Glory*. Behold the greatness of thy Creator veil'd with the *goodness* of thy Redeemer; the justice of a first Person qualified by the mercy of a second; the purity of the *Divine* nature uniting it self with the *Humane* in one *Emanuel*; a perfect *Man* to suffer, a perfect *God* to pardon; and both God and Man in one *person*, at the same instant able and willing to give and take a perfect *satisfaction* for thee. O my soul, a wonder above wonders! an *incomprehensibility* above all admiration! a depth past finding out! Under this shadow, O my soul, refresh thy self. If thy sins fear the hand of Justice, behold thy *sanctuary*; if thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy *Advocate*; if thy Creditor threaten a Prison, behold thy *Bail*. Behold the *Lamb* of God that hath taken thy sins from thee: Behold the *Blessed* of Heaven and Earth that hath prepared a Kingdom for thee. Be ravish'd, O my soul: O bless the name of *Elchim*; O bless the Name of our *Emanuel*, with praises and eternal Hallelujahs.

His

His Prayer.

GREAT Shepherd of my soul, whose life was not too dear to rescue me, the meanest of thy little flock, cast down thy gracious eye upon the weakness of my nature, and behold it in the strength of thy compassion. Open mine eyes, that I may see that object which flesh cannot behold : Enlighten my understanding, that I may clearly discern that truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend : Rectifie my judgment, that I may confidently resolve those doubts which my understanding cannot determine : Sanctifie my will, that I may wisely chuse that good which my deceived heart cannot desire : Fortifie my resolution, that I may constantly embrace that choice which my inconstancy cannot hold : Weaken the strength of my corrupted nature, that I may struggle with my lusts, and strive against the base rebellions of my flesh : Strengthen the weakness of my dejected spirit, that I may conquer my self, and still withstand the assaults of mine own corruption : Moderate my delight in the things of this World, and keep my desires within the limits of thy Will. Let the point of my thoughts be directed to thee, and let my hopes rest in the assurance of thy favour. Let not the fear of worldly loss dismay me, nor let the loss of the Worlds favour daunt me. Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly grief, and let the love of thee expel all carnal fear.

Let

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Let the multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compassions ; and let the reproachfulness of that death which thy Son suffered for my sake, enable me to suffer all reproach for his sake. Let not my sin against thy Mercies remove thy Mercies from my sin ; and let the necessity of my offences be swallowed up in the all-sufficiency of his Merits. Let not the foulness of my transgressions lead me to distrust ; nor let the distrust of thy pardon leave me in despair. Fix in my heart a filial love, that I may love thee as a Father ; and remove all servile fear from me, that thou mayest behold me as son. Be thou my all in all, and let me fear nothing but to displease thee ; that being freed from the fear of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promise, die in the fulness of thy favour, and rise to the inheritance of an everlasting Kingdom.

Cassian.

Humane fear breedeth distrust ; but the divine does great advantages to our hope.

S. Greg.

No kind of death is to be feared by him that has lived well.

The

The Plague-affrighted Man's Danger.

OW is the *language* of Death heard in every street, which by continual *Passing-bells* proclaims mortality in every ear! How many at this instant lie groaning in their sick-beds, and marked for death, whilst others that lived yesterday are now laid out for evening burial! How many that are now strong and healthful, and laying up for many years, are destined for the enlargement of the next weeks Bill! How many are now preparing to secure their lives by flight, who whilst they run from the *tyranny* of their fears, fly into the very bosom of danger! What *air*? what *diet*? what *antidote* can promise safety? What *shield* can guard the angry Angels blow? what *rhetorick* can persuade the heaven-commanded Messenger to slack the fury of his resolute arm? It is an *arrow* that flies by day; yet who can see it? It is a *terror* that strikes by night; and who can escape it? It is the *pestilence* that walketh in darkness; and who can shun it? The strength of *youth* is no privilege against it; the soundness of a *constitution* is no exemption from it; the sovereignty of *drugs* cannot resist it; where it lifts it wounds, and whom it wounds it kills. It is God's Artillery, and like himself respects
no

no persons. The rich Man's *coffers* cannot bribe it : the skilful *artist* cannot prescribe against it : the black *Magician* cannot charm it. My soul into what a calamity art thou plung'd? with what an *enemy* art thou beleaguered? What opposition canst thou make? what *Auxiliaries* canst thou call in? How many sad *copies* of thy destruction are daily set before thee? How continually is thy death acted by others to thee? What comfort hast thou in that life which every minute threatens? What pleasure takest thou in that breath which draws and whiffs perpetual fears? What art thou other but a Man condemned, expecting execution? And how is the bitterness of thy death multiplied by the quality of thy fears? Were it a sickness whose distraction took not away the means of preparation, it were an easie calamity; were it a sickness whose contagion dissolyed not the comfortable bands of sweet society, it were but half a misery. But as it is sudden, solitary, incurable, what so terrible? what so comfortless?

His Deliverance.

Sink not beneath thy fears, my soul : Thy deliverance is God's *royalty*, and under his wings is thy salvation; in the midst of danger no danger shall befall thee.

Psal. 91. 10.

Neither shall the plague come nigh thy dwelling.

His

His Proofs.

Psal. 91. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

WHoso dwelleth in the secret of the most high,
shall abide in the shadow of the almighty.
Surely he will deliver thee from the snare of
the hunter, and from the noisom Pestilence.
He will cover thee under his wings, and thou
shalt be sure under his feathers: his truth
shall be thy shield and thy buckler. Thou
shalt not be afraid of the Arrow that flieth
by day, nor of the Plague that destroyeth at
noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side,
and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it
shall not come near thee.

Giltzen. in cap. 2. Cant. Expof.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not
to death but to life, that God may be glori-
fied by it! O happy Fever, that proceedeth
not from a consuming, but a calcining fire!
O happy distemper, wherein the soul relish-
eth no earthly things, but only savoureth di-
vine nourishment!

Greg. in Pastoral.

O Wisdom, with how sweet an Art doth thy
Wine and Oil restore health to my healthless
soul! How powerfully merciful, how mer-
cifully powerful art thou! powerful for me,
merciful to me.

His

His Soliloquy.

AND can the *noise* of death, O my soul, so fright thee in the street, and the *cause* of death not move thee in thy bosom? Shall *passing-bells* tolling for dying Men afflict thee, and not the *Judgments* of the living God affright thee? Shall the weekly *Bills* of a silly Parish-clerk more move thee than the sacred *Oracles* of a holy Minister? Shall the *Plague* inflicted upon others more startle thee than many plagues denounced upon thy self? Be wise, my soul, avoid the *Cause*, and thou shalt prevent the effect; be afraid of *sin*, and thou needest not fear the punishment. Fearest thou the infection? fly from it: But whither? under the wings of the Almighty. But thy sins deny protection there: then nail them to thy Saviour's *Cross*. Fearest thou yet? O my soul, hast thou so long, hast thou so long subsisted under thine own *protection*, and darest thou not venture under his? Can there be a *Sanctuary* more secure? a protection more safe? Fearest thou Death under the wings of Life, or danger under the *shadow* of the Almighty? But the suddenness of that Death denies preparation. His wings continually prepare thee. It banishes all my friends, and in them my comfort. When thou hast God to thy friend, what comfort canst thou want that may be found by Prayer?

His

His Prayer.

Lord, in whose hands are the keys of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciously incline thy tender ear, and mercifully hear the supplications of thy servant, who hath no hope but in thy goodness, and no comfort but in thy promises. My hainous sins, O God, have provoked thy heavy indignation, and I am humbly sensible of thy sore displeasure. Thy judgments are come abroad amongst us, and the vials of thy consuming wrath are poured out upon us. The sins of our Nation have cried to thee for vengeance, and thou hast visited us with great mortality. Thy people are poured out like water, and our land is become a land of mourning. Turn us, O Lord, that we may be turned, and magnifie thy mercy in our deliverance. Accept the sorrow and contrition of thy servants; and say unto thy Angel, It is enough. Be thou my refuge, and my fortress, O God; and give me confidence to repose under the shadow of the Almighty. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings; and let thy truth be my buckler and my shield. Defend me from the Pestilence that walketh in darkness: Deliver me from destruction that wasteth at noon-day. Give thy Angels charge over me, to protect and guide me in all my ways. Prepare me, O Lord, against the hour of death, and strengthen my soul in the assurance

rance of thy Mercy. Humble my heart with the true sense of my transgressions, and work in my soul an unfeigned Repentance. Enlarge mine eyes that I may weep day and night, for grieving and offending so gracious a Father. Wear me from the trust of all transitory things, and let the worlds vanity daily die in me. Take from me the immoderate fear of death; and train me, O God, for the day of my dissolution. Instruct and rectifie my vain desires, that all my wishes may stand with thy will. In life be thou my Governor, in death be thou my comfort; that living or dying I may be thine. Teach me by thy judgments to hate sin, and let thy Mercies breed in me a filial love. Be gracious to those whom thou hast marked for death, and seal in their hearts the assurance of thy favour; that being Members of one Body, we may rejoice in one Head; that having numbered our days in Wisdom, we may be numbred with thy Saints in Glory everlasting.

S. Aug.

That must not be thought an evil death which follows a holy life. For nothing makes an evil death, but that which comes after death.

1 Cor. 15. 55.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The

The Persecuted Man's Misery.

RE these the *gains* of Godliness?
 Are these the *wages* of a holy life?
 Hath the ungrateful world no
 other thanks for him that ho-
 nour his *Creator*, but *scorn*, *con-*
tempt and *persecution*? Whilest I prized the
 World, I wanted nothing that the World calls
good? neglected honour followed me, un-
 sought for pleasure courted me, unpurchased
 fortunes fell upon me; I could not wish that
 happiness I had not, I could not want the
 happiness earth had. Nothing was too *dear*,
 nothing was too *precious*. Thus whilest I
 prized the World, the World prized me. If I
 were sad, her mirthful smiles would cheer me;
 if sick, her mournful sons would visit me; if
 weary, her wanton lap would dandle me,
 where rocked into a *slumber*, I dreamed all
 this was but a *dream*, and waking found it so.
 Not willing to be fed with *shadows*, I changed
 my thoughts, and my affections altered; and
 finding Earth too *strait* for my desires, I cast
 mine eye to Heaven, and after many conflicts
 betwixt my *Members* and my *Mind*, even
 there I fixed. The jealous Earth grew angry,
 frowned, and called me Fool, withdrew her
honours, withheld her *pleasures*, recalled her
favours; and now I live despised, contemned
 and poor. O sad condition of Mankind! How
 plausible are his ways to death! and how un-
 pleasant

pleasant are his paths to *life*? No sooner had I made a *Covenant with God*, but the World made a *Covenant* against me, scandall'd my *name*, slandered my *actions*, derided my *simplicity*, despised my *integrity*. For my *Professions* sake I have been reproached, and the *Reproaches* of the World have fallen upon me. If I chastened my soul with *fasting*, it styled me with the name of *Hypocrite*; if I reprove the *vanity* of the times, it derides me with the style of *Puritan*. I am become a *stranger* to my Brethren, and an *alien* to my Mother's Son. I go mourning all the day long, and my bosom Friends are estranged from me. They afflict my Body with open *punishment*, and make a pastime of my affliction. They that sit in the Gate speak evil of me, and Drunkards make their Songs against me.

His Reward.

But be thou not dismayed, my Soul, nor let the arm of flesh discourage thee. Thy *Persecutions* here are nothing but the prophecies of a *Paradise* hereafter. He that is born of the flesh, inherits the *Pleasures* of the World; but thou that art born of the Spirit, hear what the spirit saith,

Matth. 5. 10.

Blessed are they that are persecuted for my names sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

His Proofs.

Luke 6. 22.

Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and separate themselves from you, and shall revile you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake.

1 Pet. 3. 14.

If ye suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terror, neither be ye troubled.

Matth. 10. 22.

Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake: but he that shall endure to the end shall be saved.

Matth. 19. 29.

Every one that forsaketh lands, or brother, or sister, or father, or mother, for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit eternal life.

Chrysost.

We are afflicted by God, that our reward and crown may hereby be increased; and as much as he addeth to our tribulation, so much and more will he add to our retribution.

Greg. Nyss. de Prov.

Our life is a warfare, and this world a place of masteries, wherein the greatest Garlands are allotted to them who sustain the greatest labours: for by the smart of our stripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

His

Her Soliloquy.

HE that shall weigh the *gain* of Godliness by the *Scales* of the World, or the pleasures of the Earth by the *Balances* of the Sanctuary, shall upon a review find a bad *Marker*. Think'st thou, my soul, to be made happy by the smiles of earth, or unhappy by her frowns? When she fawns upon thee, she *deludes* thee; when she kisses thee, she *betrays* thee. She brings thee *Butter* in a Lordly dish, and bears a *hammer* in her deadly hand. Trust not her *flattery*, O my soul; nor let her *malice* move thee. Her musick is thy *Magick*; her sweetness is thy *snare*. She is the *high-way* to eternal death. If thou love her, thou hast begun thy journey; if thou honour her, thou mendest thy pace; if thou obey her, thou art at thy journeys end. When she distastes thee, *Christ* relishes in thee; when she *afflicts* thee, God *instructs* thee; when she locks her *Gates* against thee, Heaven *opens* for thee; when she *disdains* thee, God *honours* thee; when she *forsakes* thee, he *owns* thee; when she *persecutes* thee, he *crowns* thee. Why art thou disquieted, my soul, and why is thy Spirit troubled within thee? Trust thou in him by *Faith*: If thou want comfort, fly to him by *Prayer*.

His

His Prayer.

THou therefore, O most blessed and glorious Spirit, in whose eyes the Saints are precious, who puttest all their tears into thy Bottle, and in the midst of all their sorrows sendest comfort to thy Elect, behold my sufferings, and regard my sorrows. Let not thine enemies triumph and make a scorn of him that fears thee. Strengthen me, O God, to maintain thy Cause, lest they that persecute me think there is no God. Thou knowest my reproach and shame, and how they buffet me all the day long. Arise, O God, and plead thy Cause, and let them know that thou art God. Make me to hear the voice of joy and gladness, that the bones which they have broken may rejoice. Let not the wicked have power over me, but graciously deliver me for the glory of thy Name. Remove this bitter Cup of affliction from me: But not my will, but thine be done. Give me patience to endure till thou art pleased to release me, and courage to bear what thy Wisdom shall permit. Let not the vanities of the World deceive me, nor the corruptions of my flesh disturb me: Let not the suggestions of Satan deter me, nor the threatnings of Man divert me. Preserve my footsteps in the ways of thy truth, and keep me truly constant to the end. In all my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace be sufficient for me. Season my
L heart

heart with the sense of thy love ; and strengthen my Faith in all my Trials. Give me an inward thankfulness, O God, that thou hast made me worthy to suffer for thy name. Convert my enemies, if they belong to thee. Be merciful to them that hate me, and do good to those that persecute me : Open their eyes that they may see thy Truth ; and turn their hearts, that they may fear thy Name. In all my tribulations be not thou far from me, and sanctifie my great afflictions to me. Lord, in the multitude of thy Mercies hear me, and in the truth of thy Salvation help me ; that I confessing thee here before the Children of Men with an undaunted resolution, may be enrolled in the Kingdom of Grace by thy goodness, and hereafter reign in the Kingdom of Glory in thy Eternity.

S. Chrysost.

To suffer patiently is a greater gift than to raise the dead.

Cassian.

They make free-will-offerings to God, that in the midst of their sufferings give thanks.

Psal. 119. 71.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy Statutes.

The

The Sinner's Account.

OW I can flatter my own *destruction*, and with the common stream of frail mortality run into the *dead Sea* of everlasting death! How soundly I can sleep in the wanton lap of treacherous security, until I awake disarm'd of all my strength, and turn a prey to that false *Philistine* that seeks my soul! When I call to mind the *course* that I have run, and set to view the *steps* that I have trod, how easily can I excuse my failings, and set them on the score of miserable *Adam*! But when I seriously consider whose *Law* I have offended, and strictly examine my actions by that Law, and justly proportion my *punishment* to those actions, O then I stand and tremble, and am swallowed up with *despair*. O then my sins appear too great for *pardon*, and my punishment too great for *patience*. Which way soever I turn, I turn to my disquiet: Look where I will, I view my own discomfort. Look up, I see a dreadful *God*; Look down, I see a direful *Devil*: Look forward, I see a *Roll* of sins; Look backward, I see a roaring *Conscience*; Look on my right hand, I see my bold *Presumption*; Look on my left hand, I see my base *Despair*; Look within me, I see my own *Corruption*; Look about me,

I see nothing but *Confusion*. I have sinned upon *ignorance*, ignorance will not excuse me: I have sinned upon *weakness*, weakness will not plead for me: I have sinned against my *conscience*, my conscience will accuse me: I have sinned against the *Law*, the Law condemns me. What canst thou say, my soul, that *Sentence* of death should not be given against thee? Can the *voice* of thy sorrow out-cry the *language* of thy sin? Can the *tears* of thine eye scour the *stains* of thy soul? Can the *sighs* of a *finite* Creature satisfy for the *offences* against an *infinite* Creator! Or art thou able to endure the punishments of *Eternity*? He that made thee without thee, will not save thee without thee; and what canst thou do towards thy own Salvation?

His Quietus est.

Prostrate thy self, my soul: Behold thy *miser*y, and bewail thy self; renounce thy self, abhor thy self, fly to the Horns of the *Altar*, and call for the Promise of Mercy, in which thou mayst find comfort.

Ezek. 18. 21.

If the wicked shall turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

His

His Proofs.

Acts 3. 19.

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

2 Pet. 3. 9. The Lord is long-suffering towards us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Ezek. 33. 11. As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

S. Aug.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mightest justly damn me, yet thou canst not lose that whereby thou mayst save me. Thou wilt not, sweet Jesus, so much remember thy justice against the sinner, as thy benignity towards thy Creature. Thou canst forget the insolence of the provoker, and wilt in mercy behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

Anselm.

My sins plead against me, but my Saviour is my Advocate. It is much that my rebellions have deserved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: so that though my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance, yet the flesh of Christ can move thee to mercy.

L 3

His

His Soliloquy.

A N humble *Confidence* is the Mean betwixt the two *Extreams*, Presumption and Despair: That usurps God's *mercy* upon false grounds; this excludes it, and all means to it: The first takes away the sense of sin, the last blocks up the way to pardon. Take heed, O my dejected soul; plunge not thy self in that sad gulph, lest (wanting bottom) thou sink for ever; swim not with bladders, lest thou tire. Having fastned one eye upon the ugliness of thy sin, fix the other upon the merits of a Saviour: So when thou discoverest the *disease*, thy dis-ease will discover a *remedy*. When the *fiery* Serpent hath stung thee, the *brazen* Serpent must heal thee. Nothing, O my soul, makes thy sin too great for Mercy, but despair: this only excludes *Repentance*, and impenitence alone makes thee incapable of *Pardon*. He that hath promised forgiveness at thy *Repentance*, hath not promised repentance at thy pleasure. Hasten therefore, O my soul, and reconcile thee to thy God to day, lest it should prove too late to morrow. Turn thy hand from thy present sin, and God will turn his eyes from thy past sin. Cry aloud and spare not, lest thy sin cry aloud, and he spare not. Let thy *Confession* find a tongue, and his *Compassion* will find an ear.

His Prayer.

O God, that art in thy self most glorious, but in thy Son most gracious; to the rebellious terrible, but to the penitent merciful; I the work of thine own hands, but wholly disframed by mine own corruptions, humbly prostrate my sinful self before the footstool of thy Mercy-seat, totally miserable through my sins, but truly penitent for my offences. Lord, if thou shouldst proceed against me in thy justice, my portion would be no less than eternal death. But thy delight is rather to extend thy Mercy in the conversion of a soul, than exercise thy justice in the confusion of a Sinner. Bow down therefore thy gracious ear to a poor wretch that stands trembling before the bar of thy Justice, and from thence presumes to appeal to the seat of thy Mercy. I know, O God, mine iniquities are greater than my knowledge, but yet thy Mercy is greater than mine iniquities: I know moreover that thou art more just, but in shewing thy Mercy thy Justice will be no loser. Lord, I am miserable, therefore a fit object for thy Mercy; Lord, I am penitent, and therefore a proper subject for thy Pity: for I know thou art a gracious God, of long-sufferance, and slow to anger, else had I now been roaring under thy Justice, that am here suing for thy Mercy. Lord, I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me; the number of them is innumerable.

L 4

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merable, and the burthen of them is intolerable. I have sinned against a just God, I have sinned against a gracious Father ; I therefore fly from thee as a sharp Revenger, and to thee as a sweet Redeemer, Remember not thy justice towards a Sinner, but think upon thy benignity towards thy Creature. Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against me. Wash my guiltiness in his blood, and in the multitude of thy compassions behold the multitude of my transgressions. Pardon what is past, and arm me for the time to come ; that being purged from my sins, and cleansed from my offences, I may be clothed here with the Robes of Grace, and crowned hereafter with a Crown of Glory.

Incert.

He that hath good thoughts, from him will flow good words and good actions.

Ambros.

Thinkest thou that God, who gave thee Grace to repent thee of thy Sins, will not pardon them after thy Repentance ?

Thea

The Sinner's Thirst.

O, I that like the *Prodigal* had once the freedom of my Father's *Table*, could now be satisfied with the *crums* beneath it: I that could cloath me with change of Garments from my Father's *Wardrobe*, could now be thankful but for *rags* to hide my nakedness: I that forsook him like a disobedient Son, would hold it now a happiness to be his meanest *Servant*. What shall I do? or whither shall I go? By whose charity shall I subsist? My *weakness* will not give me leave to work; my *unworthiness* will not suffer me to appear; nor have I a friend to help me, I that have renounced my *Father*, have made my self no *Son*; and being no Son, how dare my boldness call him Father? I have offended him, and who shall reconcile us? I have grieved him, and who shall make my peace? I have forsaken him, and who shall restore me to him? Can I expect a *Blessing* from him I have offended? Can I presume of *favour* from him I have so grieved? Can I deserve a Birth-right from him I have forsaken? O my soul, how, how hast thou belaved thy self, and lost that freedom without the enjoyment whereof thou art utterly lost? Thou hast lost that Father that was wont to *bless* thee: Thou hast lost that Lord that was pleased to

L 5

govern

govern thee? Thou hast renounced that Saviour that *redeemed* thee; and only hast reserved a God to punish thee, a Judge to *sentence* thee: Thou hast lost those blessings by thy contempt which thou canst not regain with the price of thy *tears*: Thou hast quench'd that Spirit whereby thou hadst the power to quench the fiery *darts* of Satan: Thou hast diverted the current of that *Fountain* whose water satisfied thy full desires. O my sad soul, how! how wert thou distemper'd, that couldst not relish that which nourished Angels into *immortality*! Why didst thou not inebriate thyself with that delicious *sweetness*, and ark it up like *Israel's Manna*, to remain with thee and the succeeding generations? O that mine eyes could teach those blessed *streams* to run, which my ungratefulness hath stopt! Or that my prayers could like *Elijah's*, unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring down those celestial showers to slack my thirst, that I may drink my fill of that immortal *water*!

His Satisfying.

Take comfort, O my soul; thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crown'd them with this promise,

Revel. 21. 6.

I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely.

His

His Proofs.

Matth. 5. 6.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for righteousness sake; for they shall be filled.

John 4. 14.

But whosoever drinketh of this water that I shall give him, shall never be more athirst; but the water which I shall give him shall be in him a water springing up into eternal life.

John 7. 37, 38.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth in me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.

Rev. 22. 17.

Let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

August. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassable, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy vertue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy? Lord, I thirst; thou art the spring of life, satisfie me: I thirst, Lord, I thirst after thee the living God,

Cyril. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noisome thirst of this world, and scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with Heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of Man to his only God!

His

His Soliloquy.

IT is less danger to want than to be *unsensible* of thy wants. Dost thou want, my soul? desire: Dost thou desire? ask: Dost thou ask? thou shalt receive, and what thou shalt receive shall satisfy thee. Be not troubled: if thy wants cast thee down, let thy desires raise thee up. Shall thy natural wants be confident of supply from thy natural Father, and shall thy spiritual defects despair to be repaired by thy spiritual Father? How dost thou injure *Providence*, O my distrustful soul! How dost thou wrong the God of Mercy! How slight the God of Truth! He that hears the cry of *Ravens*, and feeds them with a gracious hand, will he be deaf to thee? He that robes the *Lilies* of the field, that neither sue nor care to be apparelled, will he deny thee those graces he hath commanded thee to ask? Art thou hungry? he is the Bread of Life: Art thou thirsty? he is the Water of Life: Art thou naked? fly to him, and he will give thee the *righteousness* of his own Son. Build upon his Promise, who is Truth it self: Rely upon his Mercy, who is Goodness it self. Art thou a *Prodigal*? yet remember thou art a *Son*: Is he offended? He will not forget he is a *Father*. Come therefore with a filial boldness, and he will grant thy hearts desire.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the well-spring of all Grace, and the fountain of all Goodness, whose promises are faithful, and whose word is truth, who hearest the sighing of a contrite heart, and healest the ruptures of an humble spirit; I here, invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, prostrate my self before thee, and present unto thee the sad petitions of a pensive breast. I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned against Heaven and against thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy Son. I have cast off the yoke of my obedience; I have broken the bands of thy Covenant, and cast them far from me, I have sinned against thy mercies, and spurn'd against thy judgments: Thy judgments have neither terrified, nor thy mercies mollified me. But I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before me. Remember not the frailties of my youth, O God, nor the follies of my elder days. Remember not how I have forgotten thee; Remember not how I have forsaken thee. Close thou thine eyes at my rebellion, and open thine ears at my repentance. Be merciful, O God, at my contrition: A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies, and restore me to the joy of thy salvation. Establish my heart in the love of thy truth, and increase in me a Spiritual Thirst. Make me to understand

stand the way of thy Precepts, and let thy Testimonies be my whole delight. As the Hart panteth after the Water-brooks, so my soul longeth for the Well-springs of Life. Lord, thou hast promised to answer those that call unto thee, to be found by those that seek unto thee, and satisfie those that thirst after thee: make good thy word, O God, and hear my Prayer; make good thy promise, Lord, and be not far from me. I have sought thee in thy promise, let me find thee in thy performance; I have thirsted for thy grace, O fill me with thy goodness. Open thy Well-springs, that I may drink freely of the waters of life; that my soul being satisfied in the fulness of thy pleasures, my mouth may be filled with the sound of thy praises; that here magnifying thy Name in the Kingdom of Grace, I may reign with thee hereafter in the Kingdom of Glory.

S. Ambros.

None can take Christ from thee, unless thou take him from thy self.

Isa. 55. 1.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters: and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat: yea come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.

The

The Good Man's Distrust.

 When I consider the *All-sufficiency*
 of my God, I dare not question
 the performance of his *promises*;
 but when I behold the *insuffici-*
ency of my self, I cannot but fear
 the promises of his *performance*. When I behold
 in him the goodness of a Father, my heart
 grows confident, and I cannot fear; but when I
 find in me the disobedience of a *Son*, my soul
 grows conscious, and I dare not hope. When
 I dive into the depth of my own *Misery*, I
 search further, and find a greater depth of his
Mercy, and am secure; but when I find the
 freeness of his *mercy* requited with the wilful-
 ness of my *rebellion*, O then my soul despairs,
 and thus destroys the *grounds* of all my com-
 fort. He invites my laden soul to come, and
 offers *rest*: Alas! I come, and yet my laden
 soul can find no *ease*. He promises eternal
 life to my belief; but yet he gives me not the
 power to believe. He bids me in his name
 propound my wants, with promise of supply;
 and yet I sue, and sue, and still I sue in vain.
 He promises a Comforter to strengthen my re-
 membrance; yet still my treacherous memory
 fails me. He promises to be a father to the fa-
 therless; yet still my wants perswade me that
 I want a father. He promises audience in my
 time of trouble; and yet I call unheard, and
 mourn without redress. He promises forgive-
 ness

ness to the true repentant; but who shall give me power to repent? He promises to gather me in mercy, though a while forsaken; yet I have long expected, with a frustrate expectation. He promises an exaltation to him that is humbled; yet my dejected heart is still suppressed. He promised freedom from the second death to him that conquers; I strive to overcome, yet feel a hell. His promise was to guard his Vineyard, and to dress it; yet Foxes destroy it, and the wild Bore supplants it. He promised comfort to all those that mourn; and yet I mourn without a comforter. He promised that the Woman's seed should break the Serpent's head; and yet the Serpent never was more strong. He bid me seek, and I should find; and yet, alas! I seek, but can find nothing but my wants. He calls them Blessed that suffer for his Name; yet who more miserable? He promises the springs of life to him that thirsts; and yet I thirst to death. My soul, what are his promises to thee, that art not able to perform those hard conditions that give thee interest in those promises?

His Satisfaction.

Chear up, my soul, and what thou canst not do, endeavour. He that accepts the *will* for the *deed*, is in his promise Yea and Amen.

Mark 13. 31.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one tittle of my word.

His

His Proofs.

1 Kings 8. 56.

Blessed be the Lord that hath given rest unto his people, according unto all that he hath promised. There hath not failed one word of all his good promises which he hath promised.

2 Cor. 1. 20.

For all the promises of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen.

2 Kings 10. 10.

Know then, that there shall fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord.

Psal. 119. 89.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in Heaven.

Author Scalæ Parad. tom. 9. Aug. c. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor despair: think not thyself contemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while. All things co-operate for the best: both from his absence and his presence thou gainest light. He cometh to thee, and goeth from thee: he cometh to make thee console; he goeth to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languishing soul may be comforted; he goeth, lest his familiarity should be contemned, and being absent to be more desired, and being desired to be more earnestly sought, and being long sought to be more acceptably found.

His

His Soliloquy.

WILT thou never, O my distrustful soul, submit thy will unto his will that made thee? Must his goodness be always the *circumference* of thy desires, and thy pleasure still the *centre*? Is it not enough that *Yea* and *Amen* hath promised the *substance* of thy happiness, but must thou bind him to thy *circumstances*? Shall the power of an infinite *Creator* be confined to the pleasure of a finite *creature*? Stand not in thine own light, my soul; the *Independence* of thy exorbitant desires shuts the door upon that *happiness* thou desirest. Art thou covetous of a *blessing* before thou art qualified to receive it? He that intends thee a *Kingdom*, will first make thee capable of a *Kingdom*. Thou that shalt be a *gainer* by his favour, shalt be no *loser* by his delay. Canst thou hope to be filled with the water of life, not first purged with the fire of affliction? How often hast thou murmured for that, which if enjoyed had been thy ruine? God hath promised, but hath delayed performance, to exercise thy *patience*. He hath decreed, but yet forbears, to rectifie thy *faith*. If *faith* be able to remove mountains, endeavour to remove thy infidelity. Endure, hope, believe; and he that comes will come, and will not tarry. O my soul, as nothing hinders the performance of his promise but distrust, so nothing hastens the promise of his performance but thy prayer.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art all-sufficient in thy self, all-gracious in thy Son, most absolute in thy purposes, and most faithful in thy promises; I, the miserable object of thy mercy, here humbly present my self before thee, the merciful beholder of my misery. Lord, wherein have I to trust but in thy mercies? and whereupon have I to build but on thy promises? Every sin is full of death, and every action is full of sin; insomuch that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion against thee. But, O my God, thy goodness is like thy self, infinite; and thy mercy is past my comprehending. Thou knowest that I am evil, and wholly evil, and that continually. Thou knowest I am but dust and ashes, and the very off-spring of corruption, and thy glory is no less magnified in my confusion than in my salvation. But, Lord, thou art a gracious God, and takest no pleasure in the death of a distressed sinner. Thy mercy is over all thy works, and thy goodness is from Generation to Generation. When I was in open rebellion against thee, thou reconciledst thy self to me; when I was utterly lost, thou redeemedst me with the innocent blood of thy dear Son; and being redeemed, thou hast sanctified me with the freeness of thy Spirit. Thou hast raised me by thy power, and strengthened me by thy promises. What shall I return thee, O my God,
for

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for what kind of recompence can dust and ashes make thee? My tongue shall sing the wonders of thy goodness, and praise thy Name for ever and ever. Continue, O Lord thy mercies to me, and visit me according to thy wonted kindness. Give me a wise heart, that I may give respect unto all thy commandments, and a full confidence in all thy promises. Quicken my hope in the expectation of thy performance, and give me patience till then to attend thy leisure. Lord, where I cannot understand, O teach me to wonder: and what I cannot do, give me power to believe. Let not the apparition of mine own corruptions plunge me in despair, nor yet the sense of thy indulgent love give me occasion to presume; that living here in the expectation of thy Truth, my hopes may be perfected into the glory of thy Name.

Philip. 2. 12.

Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

Mat. 24. 46.

Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing.

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